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LIZ TAYLOR



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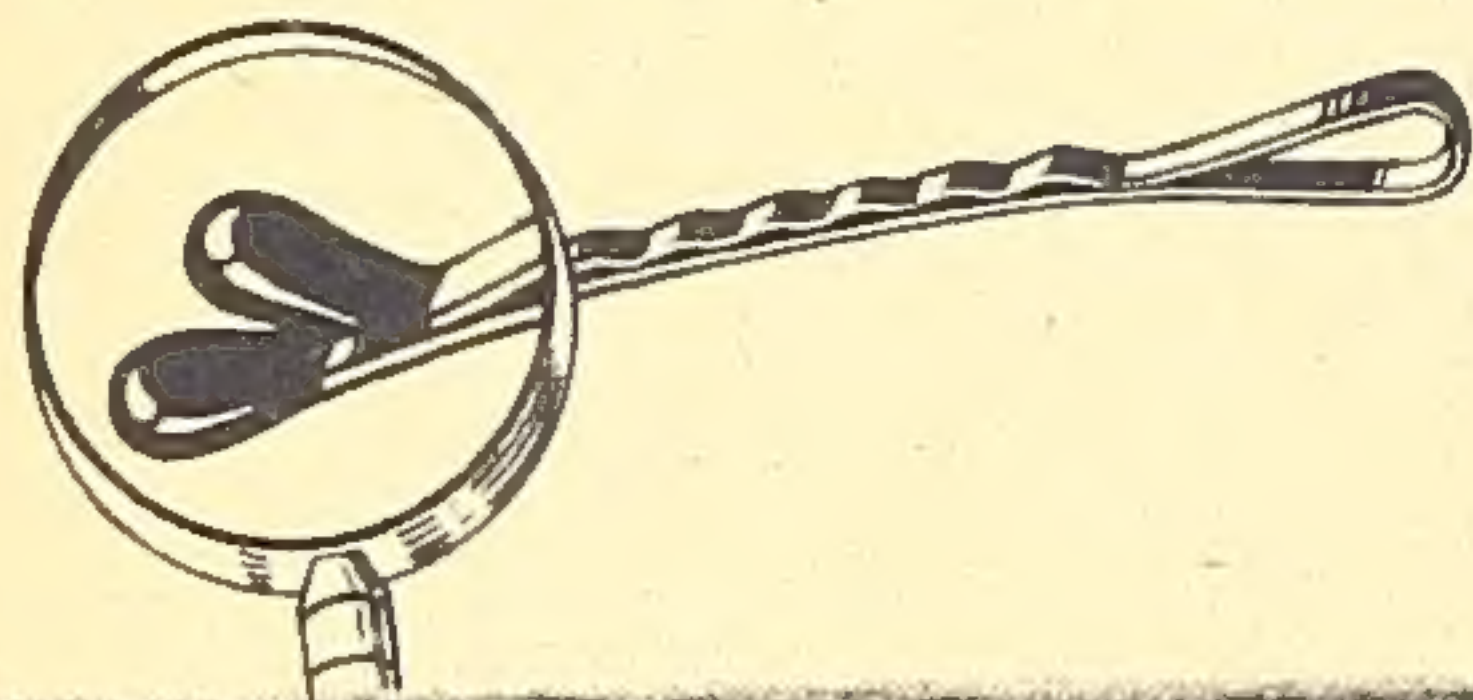
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Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

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November, 1955

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ON THE COVER: ELIZABETH TAYLOR, STARRING IN
WARNER BROTHERS' "GIANT"

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Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN



NEW star from the Far East? No indeed, just Jeanne Crain at a gala costume ball.



PARTY HIJINKS amuse Lauren Bacall and Frank Sinatra who interrupt dance to watch.



BACK from Europe and North Africa, Doris Day and Marty Melcher celebrate homecoming.

HELLO everybody. This is Sheilah Graham, your Hollywood reporter, with the lowdown on the higher-ups in Tinseltown, and my first item concerns one of the most beautiful young actresses we have out here and her new and very handsome leading man. Seems they really start their love-making when the camera stops turning, and their off-screen didoes are much more torrid than those put on film. Too bad she's married, because he isn't and they'd make a lovely couple. . . not so lovely if her husband gets wind of the affair.

Now that Terry Moore has come through with that picture episode, isn't it time for Johnny Ray to announce another engagement? Then we can get ready for James Mason's next bulletin about quitting acting. . . No one, and I mean no one, in Hollywood has heard from Jean Peters since she left after completing "A Man Called Peter." Even her bosses at 20th Century-Fox are at a loss as to where to locate her. . . Walter Pidgeon watched some technicians disconnecting the metal robot that was used in MGM's "Forbidden Planet," and commented, "I hate to see an actor go to pieces, but I guess it sometimes happens."

Leslie Caron now has a hot head of flaming red hair, but she has a cool answer for those who question her about what happened to her romance with Robert Petit, currently courting ballerina Liliane Montevecchi. "I do not have anything to say," the cute French doll told me, "except that I am very happy about making the picture, 'Gaby!'". . . Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson have boy-and-girl Thunderbirds. His is black, hers is yellow—and if you're really sharp, you refer to them as "T-birds." Incidentally, Tab had this to say about our glamor pussies, excepting Lori: "I don't want to knock these movie chicks, but they're just false faces. I don't like them. I find I can't go with them."

Janet Leigh wasn't taking any chances on being separated by an ocean from her Tony while he made love to that spicy Italian dish, Gina Lollobrigida, in "Trapeze." Janet, who has brains as well as beauty, knows it doesn't pay to let a husband stray too far on foreign soil without a bit of wifely supervision, so she'll be making "Safari" with Vic Mature, also in Europe, and be close enough to Tony to get his message.

Marlon Brando took Rita Moreno to dinner t'other night at a drive-in restaurant. Is that still on? . . . Shirley Temple, looking better than I've ever seen her, breezed down from Atherton with her husband, Charles Black, for a brief visit. I spotted her at Don Loper's buying some classy clothes for her very classy chassis, and she enthused: "I'm very happy with my suburban San Francisco life. I'm going to start an interior decorating business; and I'm never going to

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**The girl with the laughing eyes –
and the guy who wrote
history in the skies...**

The true love story
of Captain
Joe McConnell –
the 'Tiger in the Sky'
who became
America's first
Triple Jet Ace –
and the beautiful bundle
of courage called 'Butch',
who became his wife.



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**IT'S A
WONDERFUL
STORY!**

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN



AUDIE MURPHY stars in "To Hell And Back," the true story of his own war experiences.

To Hell And Back

AT THE age of nineteen, Audie Murphy was America's most decorated war hero. Only seven years before he had received the Medal of Honor, 12-year-old Audie had been forced to quit school and become the sole support of his mother and five younger children when his father walked out on the family. So, courage was nothing new to soldier Murphy. Then along came World War II to provide the fire to temper and shape this enormous courage into a living memorial for American youth. Based on these facts, this is the Technicolor film version of Murphy's wartime experiences, and could there be a better actor than himself to star in it? Every battle scene is true. Though wounded in one leg, Murphy singlehandedly repelled a Nazi counterattack comprised of two infantry companies (about 250 Germans) and six tanks. By acts like these, Murphy and thousands of other servicemen proved to the world that Americans are at their fighting best when the chips are down—something a few countries had better keep in mind. (Universal-International.)

To Catch A Thief

HAVING all the elegance plus languid sophistication of the Riviera, Alfred Hitchcock's latest Technicolor thriller is

as neat a trick as Grace Kelly's ankles. An heiress whose warm blood doesn't mix too well with Mama's cold cash, Grace arrives in Cannes ripe for adventure. On hand to fulfill all Grace's requirements is Cary Grant—suave, witty and wanted by the French gendarmes. Reformed jewel thief Grant, however, is more preoccupied with catching a thief who has the audacity to impersonate his *modus operandi* than with sampling Grace's collector's-type items. He prefers to clear up his reputation before he'll help Grace mess up hers—it's as simple as that. The Hitchcock suspense and crisp dialogue vie with each other for top honors against the breath-taking background of Southern France. (Paramount.)

The Left Hand Of God

WHEN Humphrey Bogart arrives at a Chinese mission, everyone there is ready to accept him as the new priest. In time, Agnes Moorehead, wife of the mission doctor, begins to suspect Bogart isn't made of the cloth out of which priestly habits are cut. Her reasoning: Priests don't go around rabbit-punching soldiers of the local war lord, Lee J. Cobb. Nor do priests have a magnetism that attracts level-headed girls like nurse Gene Tierney. Not till war lord Cobb advances on the mission is the mystery surrounding

the gun-toting Bogart cleared up. Shot down over China, pilot Bogart had been rescued by Cobb's men. In payment for his life, he's obliged to serve Cobb as a military adviser. The opportunity for escape comes when a priest is shot by one of Cobb's trigger-happy henchmen. Bogart assumes the dead man's identity, knowing the mission is the only place from which he can get transportation back to civilization. A slick Technicolor drama, loaded with atmosphere and action, that nimbly skips over the pitfalls of a dangerous theme. (20th Century-Fox.)

How To Be Very, Very Popular

IT'S easy! Have a body like Betty Grable or Sheree North, be able to wiggle various sections of this lush territory in a rowdy form of "interpretive" dancing, and use your head for nothing weightier than the latest hair-do. Backed, front and rear, with this formula, everybody wants Betty and Sheree—the police, a murderer and all the members of a men's college dormitory where the girls hide out after witnessing a murder. Ordinarily, the girls at college would establish a new low in higher education, but Dean Charles Coburn's student body is real gone, too. There's Robert Cummings, who has been attending college seventeen years; Orson Bean, the shy type who organizes panty-raids; and Tommy Noonan, a dabbler in

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SHEREE NORTH has some ideas of her own on "How To Be Very, Very Popular."

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

TOGETHER—Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger have had enough of enforced separations. While Jean was making "Guys And Dolls" here, Stewart was in India and London doing "Bhowani Junction." Immediately after his return home, he had to pack off to the Dakotas for "The Last Hunt," but Jean said "Enough's enough," got out her roughing-it clothes and went along to the Black Hills just as a visitor. Jean and Stewart have been saying they'd like to make Switzerland their permanent home, just commuting to Hollywood for pictures. Bet they won't, though!

BABY TALK—Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess named their son Terrance . . . Ann Blyth and Dr. Jim McNulty would like another son but haven't decided on a name. But if the baby, expected in late December, is a girl, she'll be Sharon Ann Kathleen . . . Jack and Virginia Palance's family addition is due around Christmas day, so they'll call the youngster Noel, regardless of sex.

MORE STORK NOTES—The Howard Keels, who had daughters Kaiya and Kristine, welcomed a son, named him Gunnar . . . Jan Sterling Douglas hurries home from London, where she's been

starring in "1984," for the birth of her bambino in October . . . And Jerry and Patti Lewis expect another Little Lewis in February.

LULU OF A LUAU—Zsa Zsa Gabor hates to be out of the headlines. So with nary a black eye for a while, she dreamed up a party, a Hawaiian luau for "Hollywood's 10 most eligible bachelors." Not one of her choices was an actor! Nor did she include attorney Greg Bautzer, usually included in such lists. Zsa Zsa naturally was the only femme at the party. There was also an extra chair, dramatically empty all evening—meant for Porfirio Rubirosa, in Paris at the time.

ROSY—Happiest Hollywood couple of the month: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, because they're both making their first pictures abroad and at approximately the same time, so they won't be separated too long. Tony was signed first for "Trapeze" with Burt Lancaster and Gina Lollobrigida in Paris and it seemed Janet would have to stay here. But then, happy day, Janet was signed for "Safari" with Victor Mature, which will be filmed in London and Nairobi, East Africa. Janet and Tony plan to visit Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney in London before starting



SO right for each other are Jean Wallace and Cornel Wilde, happy in their marriage.

their respective films and also hope to make a swing around France after they finish. They had another big party ere they left for Europe.

ALSO AFRICA—Donna Reed and Tony Owen also dread long separations. So producer Tony has wife Donna starring in his "Mark Of The Leopard" which will be started in London, finished on location in Zanzibar, Mombasa and Nairobi.

SMART CLEO—Another gal with a knack for making news is Cleo Moore. For her current "Siren Song," designer Jean Louis whipped up a very sexy wardrobe for her which includes four nightgowns. Cleo's quotable comment on them: "They'll make every woman throw away her pajamas."

LOVE MUSIC—For you who like romantic pop music, there will be plenty in "The Eddy Duchin Story," in which Ty Power portrays the keyboard virtuoso. The 30 piano numbers will be dubbed for Ty by none other than Carmen Cavallaro . . . On the schmaltzy side, there's Liberace doing a like number of numbers in "Sincerely Yours." (And Lee has been dating co-star Dorothy Malone).

MORE MUSIC—For the long-hairs, there's Mario Lanza doing opera in "Serenade." The other day, between recording sessions at Warners, he was practicing in his dressing room. The windows were open and a group of visitors touring the lot stopped to listen. When he finished they applauded. Mario came to a window and took a big bow . . . And for the swing crowd, Benny Goodman and a bunch of the boys have been beating it out at U-I for — natch — "The Benny Goodman Story." What a band! Besides Goodman, the sidemen include merely Harry James.

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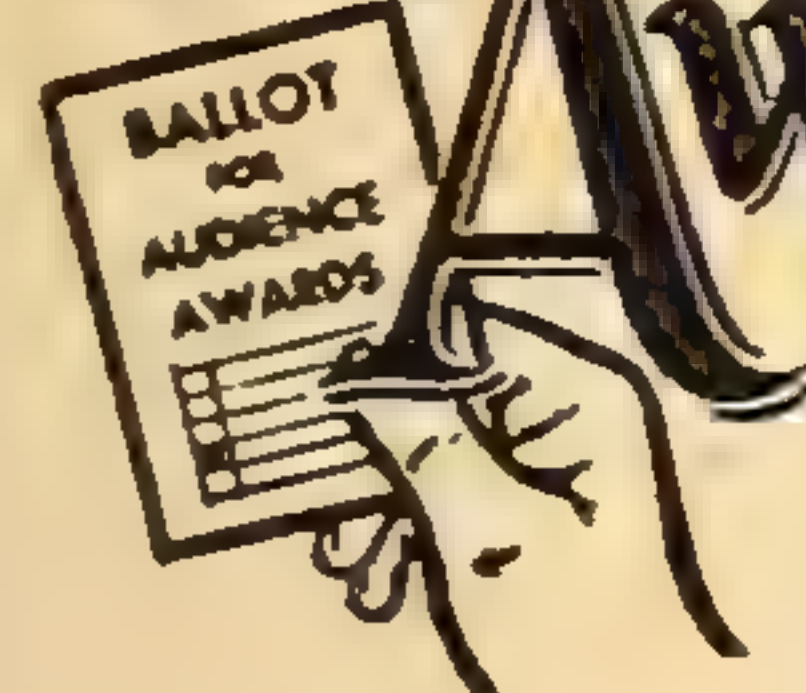


BUSINESS PARTNERS. Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas are opening a gift shop.



LORI NELSON, all well again, is greeted by Jeff Chandler during a charity luncheon.

"AUDIENCE AWARDS"



THURSDAY, NOV. 17th
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IS ON

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WHO GO TO
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Behind The Debbie - Eddie Mix-up!

**The wedding's postponed
and difficulties deluge them,
but many friends still
feel that these young lovers
will marry. Here's why**

By BILL TUSHER

THIS story is about Debbie and Eddie, and consequently, it is a calculated risk.

I have no pipeline to their hearts, but I do have a hunch that there is a very good chance that these two storm-tossed lovers will be Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this.

Of course, events could prove me all wet, an experience not entirely foreign even to the most sagacious observer of the mercurial Hollywood scene. This much I know—at the moment this is written, Eddie is back in Hollywood, and a smiling Debbie is back to her old self.

Until Eddie drove to Hollywood sporting a friendly grin and canary yellow trousers, Debbie had been tense and drawn. A worried look haunted her usually pleasant and carefree face. Gossip columnists, always willing if not eager to believe the worst, saw in these gloomy expressions a reflection of trouble with Eddie. Debbie insisted it was nothing of the kind—that all her nightmares had come from unfounded reports in the press. Debbie's pals were inclined to accept her version.

Their reunion proved one important thing. Whatever the forces at work against these two kids, none was strong enough to keep them apart.



UNDISGUISED joy is the order of the day now Debbie and Eddie are confounding gloom prophets by appearing in Hollywood together.

In spite of skepticism and head-shaking inspired by the postponement of their original wedding date, there seems little doubt that Debbie and Eddie still have it bad. There does seem some doubt—possibly including some doubt on their own parts—as to whether in the homestretch their love will be strong enough to surmount their problems.

In the belief that Debbie and Eddie sooner or later will put aside their problems and walk that middle aisle, I have impressive company—Debbie and Eddie themselves. Debbie has repeatedly said that the engagement never was off, and anyone who has taken the trouble to read the fine print in their communiques will be forced to admit that nobody ever said the wedding was off. It was merely postponed.

The night before I wrote this, I spoke with Lori Nelson, one of Debbie's best friends. It was Lori who chaperoned Debbie and Eddie when they had that delightful interlude in New York several months back. She's been around when the blinds were down. She knows what cooks. I asked Lori to give it to me straight. She could have ducked. She could have said her lips were sealed by friendship. But she didn't.

"I'm sure they'll get married," she said. "It's just a question

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BOB WAGNER shared delightful hours with Debbie, but engagement rumors proved false. Hugh O'Brian (right) was a close show business pal.

of when and where. They're pulling at Debbie out here, and they've been pulling at Eddie back East. It's been a whole big mish-mosh, but they'll get married."

Before a worn and harried Debbie finally went incommunicado on the boys and girls in the froth estate, she practically wore herself to a frazzle denying that her romance with Eddie was kaput. But with or without basis, the skepticism persisted.

There was little tendency to believe Debbie until she and Eddie showed up for the debut of Judy Garland's new stage revue at the mammoth Long Beach Municipal Auditorium.

ON the eve of the show, I inquired at MGM to check the report that Debbie and Eddie would be a twosome at the big Garland shindig. Not one, but three Debbie Reynolds experts went into a huddle, and the spokesman assured me that this hopeful item was just publicity put out by the promoters of the show.

"Eddie is at Lake Tahoe," I was told. "He hasn't even gotten in."

I was politely informed that Debbie had not planned on being there—with or without Eddie.

Well, if Fisher was in Tahoe at the time, he must have been pretty anxious. Because he made it to Hollywood in time to board the bus chartered by Frank Sinatra to take Eddie and Debbie and a cargo of other stars to Judy's opening.

It is not possible to ignore the significance of their presence on that junket. For one thing, it seemed clear that they had

taken this opportunity to affirm by action rather than words that their engagement was still very much on. They ducked questions—but they did not duck cameramen. And they looked plenty lovey-dovey in the pictures.

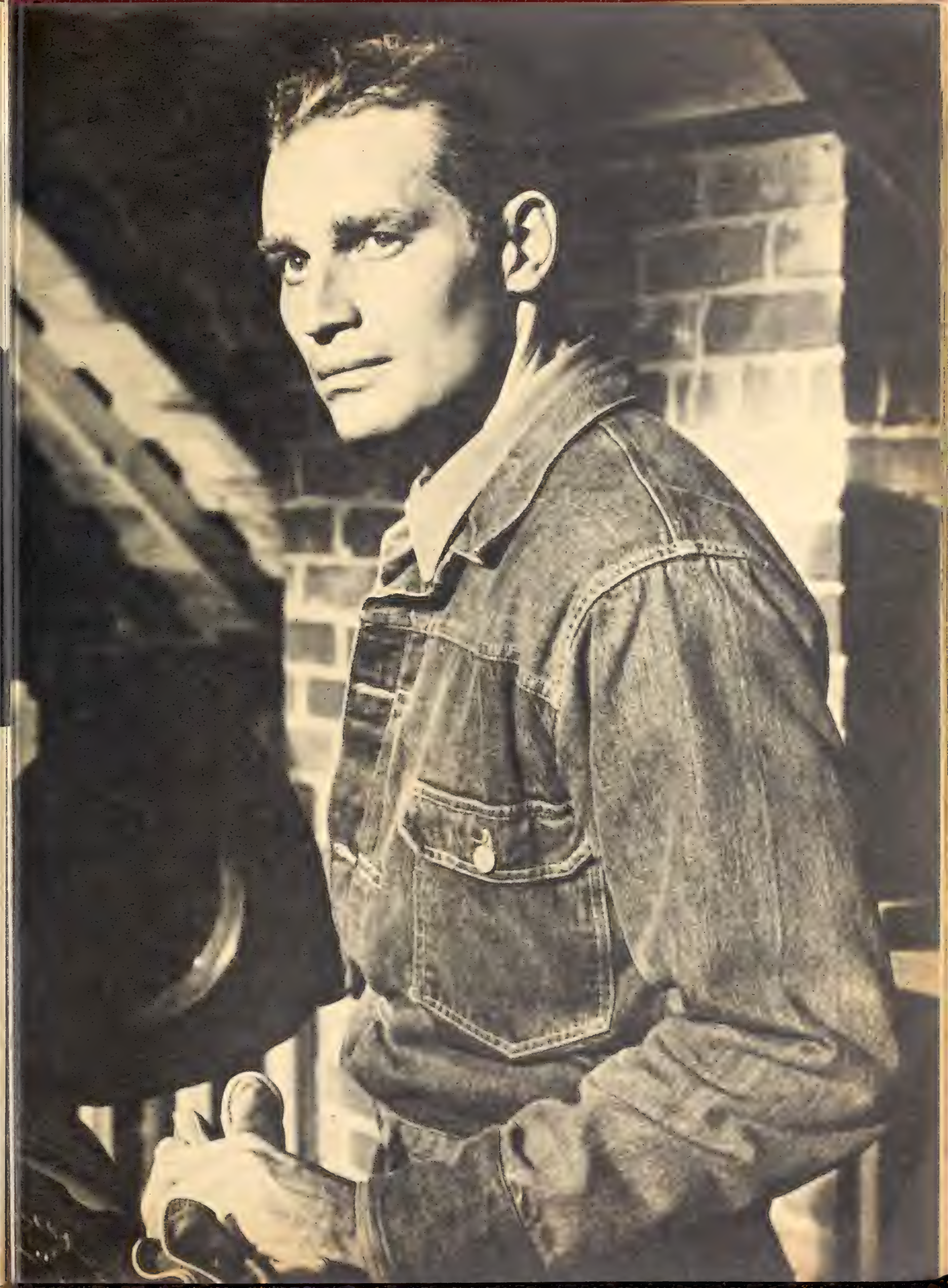
From the beginning, career problems have cast the major shadow over their romance, and publicity a minor one. Debbie told me very frankly that these problems would have to be resolved in her own mind before she would be willing to take the plunge.

"We really haven't had a chance to be together much," she explained that night. It was just before the engagement was officially announced. "A lot of things have to be settled. Our career problems have to be worked out. That's very important. Most of the time Eddie is in New York, and I'm here."

Under the circumstances, it is not entirely half-cocked to infer that at the time of the engagement, and when the original wedding date was fixed on the anniversary of their first meeting, Debbie and Eddie had reason to believe that their career conflict was on its way to being settled.

"It's just a question of where we're going to live when we're married," Eddie insisted after the wedding postponement, but few people seemed to believe him. "Debbie doesn't want to live in New York, and my sponsor doesn't want me to live in California."

For reasons that haven't percolated to the outside world, the powers-that-be have so far refused to allow Eddie to transfer his Coca-Cola TV show to Hollywood.





LOOKING at our marriage, I can't see how we managed to survive the obstacles. But Chuck had amazing fortitude.

"He can do little things that touch you deeply, but he's the ideal husband because, above all, he's a man"

—things that impress any woman, like remembering special occasions or giving meaningful but inexpensive gifts. I was really impressed when he gave me his rabbit's foot with a leather thong because I knew that, while he wasn't superstitious, it meant a lot to him and he had felt it had brought him luck in some performances. He also presented me with records and books—but I'll never know how he could afford them since he had no money.

HIS was certainly a romantic nature too! He proposed almost every day for two years, but while I liked him, I couldn't see any percentage for a long time in marrying a mad actor, no matter how attractive he was. He gradually, by a process of repetition and effective pressure, did change my mind.

Looking back on our marriage, I can't see how we managed to survive all the obstacles thrown at us. Everything you could imagine happening seemed to happen—the separation, the times when we didn't have a red cent, living in a strange city in a tenement, the endless stream of bad breaks. But Chuck had amazing endurance and patience. Most actors have to have that.

The first year we lived in New York was notable for one thing—neither of us could get a job. In fact, it was two or three years before I could even get a reading for a part. We finally managed to get a small spot directing a theatre group in Asheville, North Carolina. We gained a lot of valuable experience there.

But we decided, after a while, that we were getting hemmed in by too much security so we went back to New York. Chuck had high hopes of getting a break through Bob Fryer, a producer and friend. But Bob had left town. This was a bitter blow to Chuck—a devastating disappointment. I can still remember his coming upstairs the day he learned Bob was gone. I've never seen anyone so discouraged or beaten.

"Put on your coat and go right on back," I told Chuck flatly. I knew he had to be forced into some kind of action. Well, two hours later he returned—all smiles.

"I have a wonderful part in 'Antony And Cleopatra' with Katharine Cornell," he said.

MOODY? Not really. Possibly because of earlier experiences, Chuck can take almost anything thrown at him and not get upset.





BOUNDLESS energy carries Chuck through everything he does, building a Hi-Fi or working in films. He wakes up happy in the morning.

The play was a hit and ran for a long time. It started him on his way.

Possibly it was because of these earlier experiences that Chuck can take almost anything thrown at him and not get upset. He can adjust to practically any situation. But this same determination to succeed has also made him concentrate heavily on his career.

When I say to people that I wish he could drop his work at times and relax more, they think I'm jealous of his career. Nothing could be further from the truth. I am interested in his acting because I have done the same work and am identified with it. But I'd like him to forget it once in a while.

He has fantastic energy, though. Even when he's not working he's up and out of the house by seven in the morning and he's on the go all day, talking over new projects with all kinds of people. He always begins his day working out at the gym.

His boundless energy doesn't make him irritable—instead he is in good humor most of the time. In fact, he wakes up in a happy frame of mind and it takes a lot to get him upset. He's not really moody, although he is inclined to get stormy. Yet, he seldom storms about things in the house. It's his work that riles him at times.

However, perhaps strangely, Chuck is comfortable to live with—as long as I accept the fact that since he's an actor he is also unpredictable. It does take a lot to get him

mad. Most of the time he's operating on an even keel. But if anything stands in the way of a job he feels should be done, he explodes. He has a big thing about discipline—he never procrastinates and he insists on finishing whatever he starts. He can't understand anyone who "relaxes" his way through life and puts off details.

YOU'D never think that a person of Chuck's temperament would ever be forgetful—but he is. He gets so embroiled in what he's doing he forgets to tell me of plans he has made.

One night he said to me suddenly, "Are you ready?"

"For what?" I asked.

"You know—we're having dinner at the Fields'," he said.

It was the first I'd heard about any such date—a fact I casually pointed out to him. But rather than argue I just slipped into a not too elegant dress and went on my way. I was considerably embarrassed to find that the party was on the formal side. This also Chuck had forgotten to tell me.

Then there was the time he wanted to know why I wasn't ready to go to an after-preview party. I hadn't even known there was going to be one. Again I dressed in a hurry—again informally. When I arrived at the party I discovered that he had also arranged for me to be the hostess! And I was scarcely dressed for that role.

This preoccupation with his other problems used to annoy

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CHUCK and Jane Wyman star
in Paramount's "Lucy Gallant."





"LUCY GALLANT": Chuck gives his usual concentration to the role of a man involved with founding the first Texas department store.

Next to his family, Chuck's work is his life. "When I met him, he was then, as now, an intense young man about acting"

me, but now I just ride with the tide. I have hopes that his son, Fraser Clarke, will change him.

What a proud father he is! Every cliché about fatherly reactions applies to Chuck. Even before our son was born he went with me to the Red Cross training classes. He was the best diaper changer and bather in the class.

He got very jittery just before the baby was due. He told me once, "Maybe you can take this waiting two weeks more but I can't."

AFTER the baby was born he excitedly called his father and said, "You are the grandfather of a seven pound fourteen and a half son ounce." To which his father quipped, "Oh, that's too bad, I was hoping for a baby."

We've had practically no disagreements about raising our son—except that we don't always agree about discipline. He doesn't think the baby should be picked up when he cries, but I feel that since our son cries so little he should be given attention when he does.

When Chuck does take time to relax, he's usually playing his Hi-Fi or doing some carpentry work. He designed the cabinet for his Hi-Fi and it's an amazing job. He also has built such things as an immense modern coffee table and a circular couch that wraps around a partition in the wall. He got interested in carpentry when he couldn't find the type of furniture he wanted. So he went to the studio mills, learned how to make furniture, used the equipment there, and has been coming home with new things ever since.

He's an extremely handy man about the house and can fix almost anything. Chuck refers to his ability as "I have a

moderate dexterity," but it's not so moderate—believe me!

As busy as he is, though, with his various activities he is never too busy to be the kind of a husband most women would like. He has not lost any of his sentimental nature. Sometimes his sentimentality is of the impulsive type. One day, for instance, he gave me a gold car key—for no particular reason. And on our tenth anniversary he gave me an emerald ring with two diamond baguettes which he had designed himself.

His greatest joy is going to our cabin in the Michigan woods—just the two of us. Now, of course, it will be the three of us. I can never forget the most pleasant vacation we ever had. He had just finished a picture, I had wound up a job and we were both dead tired. We went to the cabin in twenty below zero weather and just rested.

Chuck works so hard, though, he doesn't have time even to indulge in any extravagances, although, like any man, he likes cars. He claims this is his one extravagance, but I'm all for it. Besides, by generously allowing him a few such "extras," I get to indulge in a few extravagances of my own—such as cameras.

As for economies, I can't think of any special ones—except that he's the most careful tooth paste turner I ever saw. And he wears clothes until they almost fall off of him. I have to browbeat him into going to the tailor to get a new suit. Yet, this isn't exactly an economy. It's just that he doesn't take the time to think of clothes at all.

I could tell a good deal more about him—about his ribald sense of humor, for instance, but I can simply add it all up with the fact that he's the ideal husband because he is, above all, a MAN.

END

FRECKLES and polka dots abound
as Doris turns her smiling face to the sun.





HAND-in-hand, Doris and Marty Melcher descend to Eden Roc swimming pool where Dodo reveals her svelte figure in a Bikini.

DORIS DAY:

On The Riviera

When Doris and Marty visited Cannes for the annual Film Festival, they didn't overlook any of the other attractions of the famed French resort

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DORIS DAY continued

Shopping and stepping out play a big part in



the fun for Doris on the Riviera



AFTER her swim, Doris visited some of the Cannes shops, where she went ga-ga over everything including perfume sprayed by Marty (right).



EVENINGS, Doris and Marty stepped out, usually to attend the Film Festival. And when did you ever see Doris looking so tanned and well? **END**

MARTIN AND LEWIS:



MARTIN AND LEWIS will next star in Paramount's "You're Never Too Young."



Why Martin and Lewis are rifted

**Something's got to give in
the Dean-Jerry tangle. Are they
paying the price of success?
Can the team hope to survive?**

By MARK NEWTON

JERRY LEWIS, the great clown, wore no smile on his face. His eyes seemed to well with tears as he faced the crowd at Brown's Hotel in the Catskill Mountains. He thanked them for coming to the resort where he got his start in show business. They had come to honor him and to attend the premiere of "You're Never Too Young."

Jerry's voice was filled with emotion as he expressed his gratitude for the thoughtfulness of the large contingent of the press. They had refrained from peppering him with questions about a situation that had been much in the news.

"You know I have a cross to bear," he said.

His listeners knew what he was referring to. It was one of the rare times in the past nine years that Jerry had faced an audience alone. Dean Martin was thousands of miles away.

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OFFSTAGE horseplay has become rare; pals explain Jerry loves an audience anywhere while Dean would rather call his private life his own.

perfect as entertainers, but works out less well in their own lives"



RIGHTLY or not, Dean (shown with Mrs. Martin) has felt left out of recent publicity which seems to him to play up Jerry (with Mrs. Lewis).

The distance between them was more than geography. A deep schism has developed between these two, once considered the Damon and Pythias of show business.

At this writing, grave doubts have arisen over the future of the team of Martin and Lewis, the most successful—financially, at least—pairing in show business history. Their antics have been seen and heard by more millions than any other team.

Will this continue? The answer to that question can be found only in the hearts of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. They are now further apart than they have ever been since their meteoric career began. It is a situation that was a long time coming, but it was bound to happen. A partnership such as theirs is like a marriage, only more so. They spent more time together than most husbands and wives do. They were working in the closest relationship in the most serious business of all—making people laugh. The strain of being a multi-million dollar enterprise was bound to show on them.

THEIR troubles broke out into the open in mid-1954. Word crept back from the Arizona location of "Three-Ring Circus" that all was not well with the team. It was a shock to those who heard it, for never a hint of dissension had been expressed between them.

Dean and Jerry confirmed that there had been some difficulty between them. Neither would elaborate. They finally sent a telegram to columnists which said:

"Since there seems to be an uncommonly large number of people in Hollywood and all the other parts of the country phoning reporters with daily communiques regarding the latest status of the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis 'feud' and with the 'inside dope' as to the impending split-up of the team, we feel it our duty to give you the true facts. These are the facts, ma'am. Dum du dum dum.

"We had a disagreement. Well . . . it wasn't exactly a disagreement, it was a fight. It all started when Dean called me a dope. I got mad and told him to prove it and that's what we fought about. He did.

"What our 'unofficial' press agents don't know is that they are right. We are going to split up as a team. We have even picked the date. It will be on July 25, 1956, which will be our golden anniversary as a team. We figure by that time we will have enough kids between us to keep us supplied in wheel chair grease and bifocals.

"We sincerely hope we have cleared up this ridiculous situation and that everyone can get back to reading about Sheree North and her censored films. Warmest regards. Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis."

This pronouncement helped ease the great number of rumors about friction between the pair. But, unfortunately, the causes of that friction were not as easily removed.

The story of what started their first formal estrangement has never been told. Here is what happened:

When Dean first read the script of "Three-Ring Circus," he blew his top. The whole picture was Jerry's. Dean made an appearance, then disappeared for about 40 pages of the script.

The boys were playing at the Copacabana in New York at the time. Dean exploded in their dressing room.

"It stinks," Dean said, throwing the script in a corner. "They're just throwing me a bone."

Jerry sympathized with him. He agreed Dean's part was too small. He even offered to refuse the film, though it would cost them a million and a half dollars to do so.

The beef was carried to Hal Wallis, who agreed to have a re-write done on the script. When it came back, Dean's part was improved. But he still was playing second fiddle.

This is something that had been bothering him for many

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Liberace.

LIBERACE is making his movie bow in the Warner production, "Sincerely Yours."

FACT and FICTION

More fabulous than the rumors, more exciting than the exaggerations is the simple truth revealed here about the country's favorite pianist

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

NEWs ABOUT America's best-loved pianist, Liberace, has been given to the public lavishly, at times sensationally, often ridiculously, but seldom accurately. And with each new personal appearance tour, press release or magazine article, the Liberace legends continue to grow. High time, we think, that the maze of fiction that has been written about him be dispelled and a few honest-to-goodness facts brought to the fore. As usual, they're a lot more exciting than the myths dispensed by over-eager publicists and well-wishers.

Take, for example, his supposed insistence on refusing to leave his piano as long as there are requests for encores from his audience. This, it is claimed, annoyed some of the night club owners where he played, because it hurt their business.

Now let's look at the facts. Several night club owners are on record as having resented Lee's one-and-a-half to two-hour long performances. They frankly felt that it kept the customers from drinking, eating, or gambling, and as a result they were losing money, or so they said. Ciro's in Los Angeles reportedly refused to have Liberace come back unless he signed an agreement to play no more than thirty minutes.

Lee's sister, Angie, tells this one on her brother: Not very long ago she accompanied him to Kansas City for a performance. As usual, after he got through with his planned program, the audience asked for encores. Lee obliged. Hour after hour went by. Angie, brother George and Seymour Heller, his manager, became more and more impatient. It was nearing midnight, and their plane was due to leave Kansas City Airport at 1:00 a.m.

From behind the curtain, they motioned excitedly to Lee



FANS' devotion is one aspect of Lee's career that cannot be overstated. The size and enthusiasm of his audiences attest to this.

that it was high time to quit. Each time he caught their eye he flashed back his usual bright smile, then turned back to the audience and asked if there were any more requests.

When he was still at it by 12:30, the situation called for drastic measures. Seymour and Angie rounded up a couple of husky fellows, who walked on stage, picked Lee up in his chair, and carried him out bodily! The crowd howled, but the truth is no one was more disappointed than Liberace who would rather have missed his plane than disappoint his fans.

For that matter, Lee's "punctuality" has been more fiction than fact. "Having travelled with Lee for five years, I have become quite accustomed to the last hundred yard dashes to reach the airport gate before it's closed," Seymour Heller sighed.

More fictitious reports about Liberace are centered around his eating habits, and particularly his "recently acquired ability to cook." According to some fantastic reports, a breakfast of orange juice, cereal and cream, six fried eggs, four slices of bacon, a huge stack of pancakes, plus sweet rolls, jam

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JACK BENNY enjoys a musical interlude with Liberace. Candelabra, Lee's trademark, was inspired by Chopin film, "A Song To Remember."



LIBERACE continued

Lee's sense of

and coffee is not an unusual menu. Such reports are not just exaggerated. They are fabricated.

Actually, his breakfast—which is identical day after day—consists of a small glass of orange juice, coffee and *one* sweet roll. Never more. And while he likes fancy dishes for lunch and dinner, he doesn't over-indulge.

As wrong is the supposition that cooking is a hobby Lee acquired fairly recently, as a means of relaxation. His first attempts date back to his high school period. And not as a hobby, but as a means of helping his mother.

Lee had just turned fourteen when he approached the cooking teacher of the West Monrovia High School with a rather unusual request. "Why don't you start a cooking class for the boys?" he suggested.

"For the boys?" she cried out. "What for?" The reply was even more surprising. "So we can help our mothers at home."

BLOWING his own horn is something Lee's been falsely accused of. His real generosity is little known.



LAUGHING it off is Lee's answer to carping critics. According to close associates, it is quite false that puns at his expense bother him.

humor consistently diverts his admirers and disarms his critics

As could be expected, much of the Liberace fiction dates clear back to his very early childhood.

The "legend" about Paderewski's discovering Lee's talents as well as his suggestion that he use a professional single name happens to be true. But not so some of the other facts about their meeting.

THE great Polish pianist and statesman *did* visit the Liberace home. But not as was sometimes stated, because he had heard of young Waldziu Valentino Liberace. He was searching for Lee's maternal grandmother who had been one of Paderewski's favorite pupils in Poland. When she immigrated to America she had lost touch with her former teacher.

When Paderewski visited the Liberace home, seven-year-old Lee played the family piano for him—and thus showed Paderewski his capabilities.

It is true that Liberace's famous "candleabra signature," which has become his personal trademark, came about after he saw it effectively used in a movie called, "A Song To Remember," based on Chopin's life. And it was Liszt's success with the ladies that gave Liberace the idea to copy his habit

of showing his profile, while playing the piano. Likewise, the "interesting" and "unusual" clothes were not his idea, as has sometimes been stated, but taken directly from Frederick Chopin's manner of dressing which, Lee found out, attracted much attention.

Even the facts about the beginning of Liberace's career have not been altogether clearly presented. One source stated that his first public appearance came as a result of his influence with his classmates, whom he talked into letting him lead the school jazz band in a Milwaukee road house. Another version had him entertain in a more "dignified" ice cream parlor. In reality, he started out when he was just eleven years old. He achieved this remarkable feat by persistently pounding at the stage door of the Wisconsin Theatre, until someone would listen to his piano playing. For that, he did not receive a dollar a session as claimed in some biographies, but a \$75 a week contract. All the money went into the family kitty which could have used it badly at the time.

One facet of Liberace's personality which, next to his piano playing and smile, receives most comments, is his generosity.

One rumor had it that, to thank his hometown for the op-

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TROUPERS Liberace and Sophie Tucker entertain at a party. Night club fans shouting for encores have kept him playing all night.

FAMILY ties are strong for Lee (brother George, left and mother, right). Only one thing angers him—to doubt his love for his mother.



every word written about him is subject to strange confusions

portunity it had provided him in getting started in show business, he was going to build a city auditorium and dedicate it to Milwaukee as a permanent shrine.

This, of course, is a bit on the extreme side! Even with his colossal earnings, with taxes as they are, it is doubtful that Liberace could ever amass such a fortune.

However, there are numerous examples to show that he is a very generous person, probably unequalled by other show people who, as a group, already have the reputation of giving amply of their time and money.

Probably more than any other entertainer, Liberace has been the target of puns from magazines, newspapers, columnists and critics. He has been called a "ham at the piano," a "pudgy pianist," a "self-idolizer" and worse.

On the surface, this does not seem to have bothered him at all. However, some people have claimed that from time to time he gets quite annoyed at such remarks.

ACCORDING to everyone associated with him, this is quite untrue. His sense of humor is far too predominant for that. Typical was his attitude on a personal appearance tour when one fan shouted from somewhere in the back of a group of admirers, "Are those teeth really your own?" "Sure are," Lee smiled, exposing the full extent of them. "See?"

With that question out of the way, someone else wanted to know if he powdered his hair to make it appear gray.

"No, ma'am," the maestro came back unperturbed, then explained, "I'm really turning gray. Mom says I inherited a tendency for early grayness."

"What about your weight?"

"I'm a little worried about that myself," he laughed.

Obviously—he doesn't get annoyed easily. Only if doubts are injected about his affection for his mother will Liberace get angry.

One of the most surprising aspects about Liberace is his attitude toward physical exercise. According to some opinions, physical labor or any sort is quite alien to him.

Actually, he loves sports, and hard work—which for him are a form of relaxation.

Take the day a refrigerator was delivered to his home in Sherman Oaks. Lee himself insisted on helping unload it. And it was not a publicity stunt, either. There were no cameras around.

Another time his secretary, Susan Roberts, and her husband stopped at his house for a visit. Much to their surprise they found Lee mixing cement, which dries out the skin worse than anything they could think of. "What on earth are you doing?" Susan asked.

"Building a fish pond. Don't you think it'll look nice in the backyard?" Since the job was almost finished, it was too late to voice a protest.

In spite of his liking for physical labor, Lee is not the "Mr. Fixit" type. Not long ago the United States almost lost their favorite pianist when he was installing a new light fixture in the hallway of his home. Just in the nick of time a friend advised him to switch off the electric current before touching the wires!

No account of fact and fiction about Liberace could be complete without a few statistics, because so much of what has been reported in the past has been based on speculation and guess work.

The annual sales value of his various enterprises exceeds \$25,000,000 a year, according to his business manager. In 1953, his first big year, Liberace himself grossed \$450,000. In 1954, his \$750,000 net income included \$400,000 from con-



SPORTS fan Lee has been said to dislike all exertion. Actually, he finds physical labor relaxing, once built himself a fish pond.

certs, \$200,000 from television, \$100,000 from records and \$50,000 from endorsements of Liberace song books, programs, miniature plastic pianos, charm bracelets and a wide variety of other merchandise. His expected income for 1955 is close to the million dollar mark.

As for his personal wardrobe, the claim that he owns more than a hundred pairs of shoes is somewhat exaggerated. However, a quick count revealed forty pairs of all colors and styles. Also six changes of tuxedos and assorted dinner jackets, including plaids, and six pairs of tails, black, white, tan and several shades of blue. Counting the rest of his wardrobe proved much too tiring! This will give a rough idea at least. . . .

And so it seems obvious that much of what has been said and written about Liberace seems like fiction only because the facts sound too fabulous to be true.

END

SUSAN HAYWARD:

"I'll Cry Tomorrow"

The star of Lillian Roth's famed autobiography says, "A new life awaits me. I know it will be a good one"

By DORA ALBERT



TWO GALS with plenty on the ball are Lillian Roth (left) and Susan Hayward. Susan will portray Lillian in "I'll Cry Tomorrow."

HERE'S A problem for you. You're Susan Hayward, a fine dramatic actress capable of portrayals of great emotional intensity. How do you go about finding the kind of compelling, once-in-a-lifetime story that's just tailor-made for your talents? Well, you might do what Susan Hayward did—come down with a 24-hour virus. That's how Susan discovered "I'll Cry Tomorrow," Lillian Roth's magnificent story of her own uphill struggle against alcoholism. Susan was bed-ridden at the time she read the book—but not *that* bed-ridden that she couldn't hop out to call her agent, Ned Marin.

"It's one of the greatest stories I've ever read," she said breathlessly. She was so excited about the autobiography she said she'd buy the movie rights to it herself if she couldn't persuade a studio to do so. She wanted to play Lillian Roth, come what might.

Reading that autobiography, Susan had discovered that somehow she understood Lillian very deeply. Without having met her, she knew what made her tick and she admired this woman who had suffered so much and fought so ceaselessly to get out of the mire. In some respects, Lillian and Susan have much in common, Susan, too, has waged an unending battle—not against liquor, of course, but against a crippling accident in her childhood and against poverty.

When MGM finally bought "I'll Cry Tomorrow," it was with the understanding that Susan's studio, 20th Century-Fox, would loan her for the picture.

When Lillian opened a night club engagement in Las Vegas, Susan was an entranced spectator, then went backstage to meet her. So great was her understanding of Lillian that when they began discussing Lillian Roth's life story, Susan found herself anticipating certain incidents that she was sure had formed Lillian's character . . . incidents that weren't even in the book. But Lillian told her about them, so that she would better understand her problems. And deep in Susan's heart was a hidden cache of understanding. She was overwhelmed by the courage and spiritual fortitude of the woman whose life she was to relive on the screen. "Make no mistake about it," Susan said later. "She's one of the great women of our generation. A fine singer, sure. A great personality. But first and foremost, a great *woman*."

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ADJUSTING veil with which she performs exotic sword dance in "The Conqueror," it's quite obvious Susan looks good from all angles.



CANDID pics show Susan preparing to dance in "The Conqueror."

Now more glamorous than ever,

Susan, completely feminine herself, admires women who are *women*. One of her earliest childhood memories is of weeping when her mother cut her long hair as a child of 10. She was afraid the short hair would make her look too boyish. Later, when Susie's hair was cut a couple of inches for "Soldier Of Fortune," a sentimental reporter said she wept bitter salt-laden tears and carried the precious locks home for remembrance.

"I should live to see the day!" laughed Susie. "Sure I cried when I was 10. But I'm no longer 10. I'm a big girl now—big enough to know that hair grows back."

Susan's femininity remains as much a part of her as her heart-shaped face. She makes no bones about the fact that one of the aims of her life is to please men. That's one of the reasons she likes long hair better than short. "That's the way 90 per cent of the masculine population feels about it," she says, "and I aim to please the masculine population."

Since the bitterness of her divorce from Jess Barker, Susan has struggled to adjust herself to her new life. "If you'll pardon my using a trite expression," she said, "time heals everything. I tried every way I knew to make our marriage last, but when I couldn't do any more, I had to admit to myself I had failed and that it was no good to continue living a mistake.

"Thank goodness, my two boys have adjusted themselves.



GLAMOROUS Susan charms John Wayne, who plays Ghengis Khan in RKO's long-awaited epic about the 12th Century Oriental empire builder.

Susan has no desire to be “the girl next door” on or off screen

Sometimes children adjust more easily than grown-ups, for they are occupied with problems of the present, like getting passing grades on their tests. My two boys are not the kind who find it difficult to adjust.

“Raising them since the divorce has meant making many decisions single-handed, but they don't seem to be suffering from that. You should see them.”

YOU should. Ten years old, these two *unidentical* twins are the living image of healthy, well-adjusted youngsters. Gregory's the redhead. Tim is blond and a half head taller. “I spend more time with my children now than ever,” says Susan. “I don't think we could be any closer—not just as mother and sons—but as people. You know the old bromide—parents are people. So are children. And parents should be people to their children and vice versa.”

Associates at MGM say Susan works like mad till 6 p.m., then wants to dash home to be with her boys as soon as the working day ends. She's raised the two boys with kindness and an occasional spanking. They look up to her, and ask her advice about almost everything.

Both boys belong to the Cub Scouts, and when she's not too tied up on a picture, Susan faithfully attends the Cub Scout meetings. At first the mothers were a bit shy with her, figuring that a movie star might lord it over them. As Susan

began bringing in lemonade and chocolate cake just like all the other mothers and talking to them about the good points of their sons, they relaxed.

Susan dines with the boys at home practically every night. Some nights, Cleo, the cook, is there to prepare dinner; at other times Susan does it. Though she has disavowed the ability to cook, her friends have occasionally seen her sneak on an apron and prepare a tasty tidbit. Once a friend to whom she'd given a story about how she would never don an apron was visiting Susan. Aprons, she had told him, were completely lacking in glamour. She'd have him know that she believed in a movie star acting and living the part.

Just before he left, the friend said, “I suppose you'll be going out to Romanoff's tonight to dine on pheasant under glass or something like that.”

Susan's happy peal of laughter rang out. “Guess again. I'm not going to Romanoff's or anywhere else. We're dining in—and on nothing as exotic as pheasant under glass. Just a good old American dish—corned beef and cabbage—it's the cook's night out, and I'm making it myself.”

“But Susan,” said the friend, “I thought you said aprons were strictly for the birds, and you advised all movie stars to cut out the corn flakes and chocolate cake bit.”

“That,” laughed Susan, “was for another story.”

She's a good enough showwoman to believe in being as

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ROCK HUDSON here! Rock plays
an Army doctor in his new picture.





HORSEPLAY on the set of "A Time Remembered" amuses Rock, Casey Adams (at left) and David Janssen.

ROCK HUDSON:

Man on the job

A hot script keeps Rock toiling all day, but there's time out for some horseplay, too

LOVELY Cornell Borchers, Rock's co-star, discusses a scene with him just before the actual shooting begins.



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LUNCHTIME break in U-I commissary sees Rock having intense discussion with director Al Cohen (left). Rock always gives 100% to his work.

ROCK HUDSON continued

Rock's a man of many moods while on the set, but it's a happy Hudson who can grin after a hard day's work

WITH John Smith, of "A Time Remembered" cast, Rock runs through a droll part of the script.





REHEARSAL with Cornell Borchers (above) looks like nice work.



PRACTICING a bow for camera angles (left), Rock is all work. When it's all over (above), he breaks into a broad, happy grin. **END**

The Two Grace Kellys



FAMILY portrait shows Grace's father, sisters Peggy (left) and Lizanne.

**To press and public she
has often seemed aloof. Yet
occasionally they have
caught a tantalizing glimpse
of a warm, human Grace.
Which is the real Kelly?**

By TOM BURTON

GRACE KELLY tucked some newspapers and magazines under her arm and stepped aboard the train that was leaving Cannes for Paris. She stood on the top step and performed her last duty as an American guest at the Film Festival—she waved goodbye for the photographers who clustered on the platform.

The engine uttered one of those shrill whistles that French trains are noted for and started to pull out of the station. Grace walked through the car, past the staring Frenchmen who marveled at the blonde American beauty. She found her compartment and sat down wearily. The festival had been designed as a vacation, but actually it was hard work. There was always a movie to see, a reception or a dinner to attend.

And photographers were everywhere. Never had she seen so many, not even in Hollywood. She found dozens of them at every turn, all wanting a special pose.

But that was behind her now, and she skimmed through some of the newspapers and magazines she had bought to while away the journey to Paris.

"Oh!" she gasped audibly.

"Oh!" she said to herself. "It couldn't be."

But there it was, right before her eyes. In the latest issue of Paris Match, a French picture magazine, she saw a series of photographs of herself and Jean Pierre Aumont. In each picture they were holding hands. One shot showed her holding his hand to her lips. In all the photos, Grace smiled fondly at Jean Pierre.

The pictures had been taken without her knowledge while she was lunching with Aumont one day in a Riviera restaurant. A long-range lens recorded an intimate scene which she thought she was sharing only with Jean Pierre.

"It's terrible!" she exclaimed, tears coming to her eyes. She cried all the way to Paris.

The hurt was compounded when she arrived in New York a few days later. She discovered that Life magazine had bought the photos and displayed them to further millions.

"It's unfair!" she complained to a friend. "I was very cooperative at Cannes. I spent a whole day with the photographers, doing everything they asked. Then one of them pulls a trick like this. It's a shocking invasion of privacy."

Despite her own indignation, the photos may well have done her a great deal of good. For they gave millions of fans all over the world a chance to see a different side of Grace Kelly—the side that is seldom revealed. The pictures showed her as a warm, human being who felt sympathetic toward a handsome man of undeniable charm.

The public had grown accustomed to an entirely different Grace—"Cool" Kelly.

Perhaps it all started with her ethereal beauty. Despite her Irish name, she has inherited much of the German beauty of her mother, the flawless skin, golden hair and cool blue eyes. She isn't at all cold, but she has the look of being distant and unattainable.

She did little to contradict that impression in her dealings

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CANNES photographs gave
evidence of the "other" Grace.



in Hollywood. She kept people at a distance, even those with whom she worked intimately in pictures. It seemed natural to most people to call her Miss Kelly, rather than Grace.

She has been the despair of the Hollywood press. When reporters asked intimate details of her life, she turned a cold shoulder.

"I don't believe in telling everything," she once confided. "I don't see why I shouldn't be allowed to keep my personal life to myself. I don't like to read about what an actress has for breakfast or how many shoes she has in her closet. I wouldn't want people to read those things about me.

"I realize there are certain people who thrive on such things. But I wouldn't like it. If you lived that way, life would get to be nothing more than a photo layout.

"I don't want that to happen to me. There are too many things I want to do in life."

When Grace and her sister were escorted to a Hollywood night club by Bing Crosby, she was shocked that pictures taken of her and Bing were played up as a big romance.

YOU can't go to a night club without people taking pictures or writing down whom you're with or starting rumors," she complained. "There are some nice people you simply like and want to have dinner with.

"You can't enjoy dinner with people flashing bulbs in your face all night. I don't think the people flashing the bulbs would enjoy it one bit if the tables were turned."

"Cool Kelly" played it according to form even when she scored her greatest triumph—winning the Oscar for "The Country Girl." After the ceremonies, she was whisked downstairs to face the battery of photographers. This time she didn't mind the flash bulbs, but she did insist that things be done properly. She was posing with Marlon Brando, the other winner. "Give him a kiss!" the photographers yelled.

Grace gazed at them, replied, "I think he should kiss me."

Despite all this evidence, it is obvious from her screen performances that Kelly is no cold potato. There is nothing wrong with the voltage of a girl who could smooch so realistically with Jimmy Stewart in "Rear Window" or rise to the

emotional heights that she reached in "The Country Girl."

There is indeed a warm, compassionate Grace, although the public only gets to see an occasional fleeting glimpse, as in the luncheon photos with Jean Pierre. She is, in fact, an extremely sensitive young woman who adopts an outward appearance of coolness as a defensive measure.

She was the third of the Kelly children, and the most introverted. Her father was John Kelly, a genial extrovert who ran his brick business from a \$7,000 borrowed investment into an 18 million dollar enterprise. A crack athlete, Jack Kelly dabbled in politics and became a popular figure in Philadelphia. He encouraged his children to lead vigorous lives.

Mrs. Kelly, born Margaret Majer, was an athlete herself and a magazine cover model. She was and still is a woman with a wide range of interests.

The first of their children was Peg. She was always her father's favorite. He always expected Peggy to be the one who would make a name for herself, not Grace.

Then came Kell—John, Jr. He was two years older than Grace. She was proud of his athletic accomplishments and tended to idolize him.

After Grace came Lizanne, a born leader. Throughout her youth, she was capturing honors for one thing or another. She was aggressive. Even though Grace was older, Lizanne usually got the upper hand.

In such a family, it is no wonder that the gentle Grace retired within herself.

"Grace was always quiet and reserved," her mother recalls. "She would be playing with her dolls in her room while the other girls were outside racing in the yard."

Then penchant for make-believe prompted her to seek outlets at an early age. She was in love with movies and plays and dreamed of being an actress.

She got her wish to act when she was eleven. She did a play with Philadelphia's Academy Players and saved the performance. Her stage mother drew a blank and couldn't remember her lines. Grace adroitly fed the necessary cues and got the actress back to the script.

"We've got a trouper on our hands," her father observed.

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MARRIAGE to either Oleg Cassini (left) or Jean Pierre Aumont (right) appears unlikely, though Aumont called her "an adorable woman."



affairs have built up the myth of a distant, unattainable Grace



WARM, quick smile discloses the real Grace, but she insists she'll keep her personal life from becoming "nothing more than a picture layout."

In the warmth of her acting, Grace gives a clue to the depth of her emotions



"TO CATCH A THIEF": Grace is glowing in the Paramount picture which combines a glamorous tour of the Riviera with a suspense story.



From then on, it was more dreams for the sensitive young Grace. One envisioned a life on the stage for herself. She finally left the family home in 1947 to enroll at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. After serving her apprenticeship on the stage and in TV, she rose to top prominence in the movies.

HER film career is an interesting sidelight in the dual nature of Grace Kelly. Says she: "For a while, I was afraid I would be typed as an English wife."

And she almost was. Although she was featured in "Fourteen Hours" and "High Noon," she didn't draw much recognition until she appeared in "Mogambo" as the philandering English wife. Then she played another English wife in "Dial M For Murder."

Both roles exploited the cool, external qualities of Grace. But Alfred Hitchcock was shrewd enough to see the woman underneath. He directed her in the realistic kissing scenes with Jimmy Stewart in "Rear Window" and started her off on an entirely different vein. In her latest picture, "To Catch A Thief," another Hitchcock thriller, Grace actually goes after her man—and not very subtly either.

"Grace is not like Ava Gardner," observed a co-worker who has known her since the beginning of her Hollywood career.



LOVE SCENES with Cary Grant bring out clearly the womanliness in Grace that director Hitchcock was one of the first to perceive.

"Ava has a basic insecurity; she likes to have people around.

"Not Grace. She can be completely self-sufficient—that's part of the Kelly upbringing. She doesn't have to be in a crowd. In fact, she prefers not to be. When she does meet strangers, she keeps them at a distance. But after you cross that barrier, you find her a delightful individual."

Grace herself resents that implication that she is cold. Once a Hollywood director was quoted as saying she had "stainless-steel insides."

She was upset when she read this. "I'm stubborn," she said, "but I don't think I'm cold or hard. That was cruel."

Can the Kelly reserve be melted by a male?

Indeed it can, as evidenced by the Aumont pictures. Yet friends doubt if her friendship with Jean Pierre will ever develop into anything serious.

Grace met the French actor when they did a TV show together in New York three years ago. She was delighted with his Continental manner, as any normal girl would be. Before a romance could develop, they went their separate ways.

They met again at the Cannes Film Festival this year, and it appeared that Jean Pierre was going to make the most of it. He bubbled to the press that Grace was "an adorable and sensational woman any man would be proud to marry."

He told of their meeting in New York: "For three months,

we never left each other. Then life separated us . . . and now we meet again. I am extremely happy."

Despite his effusiveness, a friend of Grace's confided: "I doubt that anything will come of the so-called romance. Two years ago she might have fallen for him. But not now."

Grace had another much-publicized romance, again with a suave charmer who had been married to a movie queen. He was Oleg Cassini, fashion designer and ex of Gene Tierney.

They met in 1947 when she was still a fashion model. Later, he designed dresses for many of her TV appearances. They became good friends after he was divorced by Gene. He turned up on the Riviera when she was there on location for "To Catch A Thief," then followed her to Hollywood, where he was her constant companion.

Now the romance seems to have cooled. But it might have ended at the altar. Once she was asked if she intended to marry Oleg.

"I honestly don't know," she replied.

The lack of flat denial was significant. But it appears that lengthy consideration has caused her to decide against it.

Some day the man will come along who will cause her to love him without reservations. Then the whole world will know the warm-blooded, tender-hearted woman that Grace Kelly really is.

END



FRIENDLY toast enlivens a party for George Nader (left), Bob Wagner and Gilbert Roland.

BOB WAGNER:

A young actor may get the most help from tips he doesn't take. To all whose advice could have hurt him, Bob says:

“Thanks for nothing

By JERRY ASHER

WHEN ROBERT WAGNER was a teen-ager he used to caddy at Bel Air Country Club during summer vacations. Old for his years and wise in his way, he developed the ingratiating habit of listening a lot and saying very little. Who else can I learn from, he reasoned with himself, except the people who've accomplished what I hope to accomplish.

Certain people he caddied for said certain things that left a lasting impression.

“Clark Gable was one of those persons,” Bob remembers. “Between shots he and his partner discussed motion pictures and the innumerable patterns of individual success. Summing up the situation, Clark said in effect that he had come to the conclusion good advice could be a very dangerous thing!

“At the beginning of Clark's career, so I've heard, he listened to everyone and tried to apply their good advice. Then

he decided that too much of it only created greater confusion, there was little to be gained and a great deal to be lost. And in the final analysis, I'm told, he discovered the advice that actually helped him the most—was the advice he *didn't* take!”

By rather remote coincidence, it's the advice he *didn't* take that's been the booster shot for Robert Wagner's career.

“What griped me,” Bob reflects, “most of the time I never *asked* for the advice. I got it, however, whether I needed it or not. It so happens there's a stubborn streak in my nature that forces me to find things out for myself. Sure it gets me into trouble at times, but I chalk it all up to experience and try not to stick my neck out again.

“Contrary to general belief that I got into pictures with the ease of a breeze, I started out with a little theatre group when

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"A **STUBBORN** streak in my nature
forces me to find out things myself."

I was 15. What I lacked in experience I made up for in nerve—but this still didn't make me a good actor! I went to agents and I asked directors for jobs. It was always the same answer—we aren't looking for 'bit' players.

"Finally, I went to a big producer I knew at MGM and put it right on the line. I wanted a stock contract so that I could learn to act. Fortunately for me I was still living at home, so I even offered to waive salary if he'd allow me to take advantage of the studio's facilities. This man, who shall remain nameless for reasons you'll learn later, has never been noted for subtlety. Without pulling punches he told me to face facts and stop kidding myself.

"I made a good appearance, he said, my speaking voice wasn't bad, but Hollywood was crowded with guys answering that description. It would take years for me to learn to act—if I ever learned! However, if I wanted to go to New York and try the theatre, when I returned, he said—'I may talk to you!' Then he suggested that I be a good boy, go home and forget all about acting, get into the steel business with my father and then I'd amount to something!

THIS man is in a position to know what he's talking about, I had to admit. But why should I take his advice? I didn't ask for it—I only asked for a chance. Feeling smaller than an ant, I drove down to the beach and sat there thinking. Then that old stubborn streak of determination began creeping up on me. You know the rest of the story—and here's the topper. The same studio executive who advised me to get lost, is now a big man on a TV network. He called my agents recently and was willing to pay me \$5,000 for *one* appearance! Unfortunately, the studio sent me out on a tour and I couldn't accept."

When he was signed at 20th Century-Fox, Bob still wasn't God's gift to the world of make-believe. This he knew, so once again he kept his mouth shut and listened. At the time, the studio was about to produce a picture called "The Frogmen."

There was another new actor on the lot who had a year's seniority over Bob and great plans were in store for him.

"'Look Bob,' " said this actor's agent one day, "'they want my boy to play a small part in 'Frogmen' and he's going to take a suspension. Now you're not my client, so I'm just telling you this for your own good. I heard the studio is going to give the part to you and you're a fool if you take it. If you start out by allowing them to push you around, they'll never have respect for you.'

"I'm mighty glad I didn't take that advice," Bob declares. "This slippery character was actually trying to force the studio to use his client and build up his part. Instead, the studio dropped the ill-advised guy when his option came up for renewal. I admit my one scene in 'Frogmen' was so far away from the camera Marjorie Main could have been playing it! But Richard Widmark was in that picture and the help and encouragement he gave me has been paying off ever since."

During his first two contractual years at Twentieth, Bob made 100 odd screen tests. Not his *own* tests, mind you. His back was usually to the camera and he was called in merely to feed lines to aspiring newcomers. Now there's an occupational disease in Hollywood and the carriers comprise a group of frustrated failures. Because they've never hit the jackpot themselves, they salve their flagging egos by buttering up the luckier ones. Deep-down they resent them bitterly.

"So everyone praises you," Bob rues, "and no one says—you stink! You're vulnerable when you start out and the whole truth is, I came close to being influenced. My self-appointed advisers almost convinced me that I was wasting myself assisting in screen tests. Then Mr. Zanuck sent for me!

"Now he's a very busy man and when he takes time and shows interest, it isn't to be taken lightly. Everyone flatters and backslaps a new actor, Mr. Zanuck reminded me. So the man who tells the truth oftentimes takes a chance of making an enemy. He didn't want to discourage me. They had great faith in me, he reassured, but he still felt I had a lot to learn.

LOCAL customs in Durango delight Bob, especially mysteries of tortilla-making. The oddest advice he's ever had was not to be so friendly!



a wonderful treat. No one could have talked him out of that trip



PHOTOGRAPHY lessons are a lark with such a picture-pretty pupil as Debra Paget. Bob has refused to romance "names" for the publicity.

So I went back to those screen tests and believe me, I've never regretted it."

Everyone knows publicity plays an important part in establishing an actor's career. Bob was well aware of this, too, and happily held still for anything within reason. However, when he was advised to romance "name" girls instead of his non-professional friends, he hit the ceiling.

"The public may have been naive in the past," Bob insists, "but I don't believe you can fool them today. So why try? When Terry Moore and I made 'Beneath The Twelve Mile Reef' in Florida, our 'engagement' was announced in the papers. No one seemed to know who planted the story and of

course it was a phony and only made fools of us. I received many letters accusing me of being 'publicity-happy.' Maybe I shouldn't have taken them too seriously, but I did because they were very disturbing."

Following this unfortunate episode, every personal press agent in town approached Bob. If he had one person handling everything, they advised, then he could control his publicity. Not one for hasty decisions, Bob promised to give the matter careful consideration.

"In the meantime," he laughs, "certain actors came to me and advised me to stop *all* publicity. A good part in a good picture was all any actor needed, they insisted. But in the

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A Man to Remember

At a time in his life when a fella needs a friend, John found one—a wonderful one

JOHN DEREK had a disrupted, uncertain childhood and youth. His parents were divorced when he was 5. After that, finances were an up-and-down affair. When they were up, John had a tutor or went to private school; when they weren't, he'd go back to public school. Sometimes he'd have an allowance of \$100

a month but more often, in high school, it was zero. John spent part of his time with his mother, part with his father.

With the resultant lack of stability and security in his younger years, John very easily could have grown up to be a drifter. Instead, he is a Solid Citizen. And for this he's grateful to Russell Harlan who

has been the primary guiding influence in John's life since he was literally in knee pants.

"Russ has been a second father to me," says John. "He is everything I admire in a man. A real man's man. He loves the outdoors, sports, athletics. He's basic, comfortable to be with. He never sat me down and gave me a speech; he set examples and I tried to follow. All the men I've liked or admired have always been Russ's type. My own way of living and my hobbies have been patterned to a large extent after his. I'll always be indebted to him."

Harlan is a veteran motion picture cameraman, still very active—he recently photographed "Land Of The Pharaohs" in Egypt. He had known John's parents, both of whom were associated with early-day movies. After their divorce, Harlan managed to spend much of his spare time with the boy.

"Although Russ was happy with his three daughters, he always wanted a son. So he just sort of 'took over' as a second father to me. My own father was the creative, artistic type. I was always more interested in the outdoors, so I, in turn, naturally gravitated towards Russ's ideas, especially since I didn't see my father too much. So Russ it was who taught me to ride, hunt, fish, swim," recalls John, who is much more rugged off-screen than on.

"Before Russ became a cameraman, he had been a stunt man. He could do anything in the way of athletics. And even today, he never asks any of his crew to do anything he won't do. He has real guts. He'll take his camera into the middle of stampeding cattle or a torrential river," continues John, a real athlete and sportsman himself; he even keeps barbells



By DENNIS JAMES

Star of TV's "On Your Account"



JOHN could easily have become a drifter but, because he was lucky, he's now a solid citizen.

See Dennis James daily on "On Your Account," CBS-TV, 4:30 p.m. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

his dressing room for lunch hour work-
ts. (Appropriately, he now is portraying
the rugged young warrior Joshua in C. B.
eMille's "The Ten Commandments.")
All during his younger life John had to
ht against the tag of "Pretty Boy." On
s first brush with this taunt from a
ool chum, it was Russell Harlan who
ld John he'd have to overcome it. Ac-
rdingly, he taught John how to take
re of himself.

"But he also taught me some of the in-
agibles," adds John. "When I was first
med for pictures and began getting com-
iments, which seem inevitable in our
usiness, Russ helped me keep my head.
hen I'd tell him about them, he'd ques-
on and challenge. At first, that griped
e. I had believed the compliments were
ncere, not mere flattery. But Russ was
ways right. He convinced me there is a
al difference between shallow flattery
d constructive praise.

"Russ also was one of the first persons
ho made me realize the importance of
onesty. As I said, he never *preached*. He
t an example. And if I went to him with
oblems he was always ready to discuss
ings. His idea on honesty was—and still
—'Be honest and you might get a little
onesty in return. And in the long run, it
ays off.'"

John insists he has a "lousy memory,"
rticularly about his youth. But he does
member incidents concerning Harlan.

There was the time John's father had
hired a very expensive tutor for his son.
When Harlan met the man, he fired him
forthwith. He realized the tutor was an
undesirable influence for the growing boy.

Russ also taught John the value of per-
sistence, especially in handling animals.

He started teaching John to ride when
the latter was about six. One day they
were riding on a ranch far out in San
Fernando Valley. John recalls vividly that
after his lesson Russ took him for a ride
on a spirited horse named Smoky. Russ
was in the saddle, John riding behind.
They were returning to the barn when
they rode under a large pepper tree. On
one of the branches hung a tire on a
rope which children used as a swing.
Smoky shied at this and bolted to the
side. Russ brought the horse back and
made him go by the tire-swing. Then he
dismounted, made John get in the saddle
and put the horse through the same paces
several times. It was far from easy for
John to do.

The very best indication of John's
gratitude to Harlan is the fact that he
named his own son Russell after his
"second father," and that he's trying to
instill in little Russ the things he learned
from the senior Russ. Already he has
taught the boy to tumble. Now he is
about to teach the 5-year-old to ride.

"And he'll have no ponies or small
horses. He'll learn on big ones. It's a

longer way to fall but they're more de-
pendable," says Derek.

John is happy that his little daughter,
Sean, already seems "a natural athlete"
at the age of 18 months. Her father,
whose athletic hobbies and interests
change constantly, has recently started
handling bullwhips. He handles them well
and Sean willingly stands and lets John
"catch" her in the whip.

Sports-loving Harlan understandably
likes comfortable, casual clothes. "I re-
member the first time I saw him in a
business suit with white shirt and tie. I
was shocked," recalls John. "But he
looked comfortable and at ease in it. I
can't manage that. I'm strictly a sports
clothes man. I have only one suit to my
name and feel ill at ease in it."

"Another thing I admire about Russ is
his attitude towards our industry. He's
very much in it. He's one of the best in
his field and gives everything he's got to
his job. But he doesn't live for his job
alone. He doesn't limit himself to shop-
talk. In fact, he seldom talks about his
work. He has lots of other interests.

"Russ is everything we like to think
desirable in the 100 percent American
man. He's the greatest influence anyone
could have. I was lucky. And I hope I
can pass some of that along to little Russ,
in the same way he did, by example
rather than by preaching," John con-
cludes. **END**

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JACK WEBB:

He's No Simple Simon

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

**Work is his life and only those
who share his passion, or at least understand
it, can travel Jack's way with him**



A DYNAMO and perfectionist, Jack works and worries 24 hours a day over his weekly TV shows.

HE'S STORY editor, director, casting chief and star of "Dragnet," but Jack Webb would have a hard time putting together a show of his own life. It's too full of schmaltz, drama and nearly hysterical climaxes. As Sergeant Friday he doesn't dig that at all. Cool, patient, and "Yes, Ma'am" polite, Friday's a long cry from Webb who is a dynamo and somewhat of an enigma nowadays.

Ever since the instantaneous and quite fantastic TV success of "Dragnet" in 1952, magazine writers have been trying to probe the man behind the badge. At first, the probing was done with a sharp-edged knife, and the diagnosis was generally the same. Webb was a temperamental genius, a hopeless egomaniac and a horrible husband.

Today, there's a new line (or maybe it's a new Webb). They say he is no longer brashly self-assured. "If anything," one of his associates believes, "his hat size has shrunk. He is one of the truly brilliant young talents in this business. Now that everybody knows it, he no longer has to fight to prove it." Louella Parsons, whose word is often final, says, "I love this Jack Webb. He is just one of the greatest guys in the world." And his second wife, 24-year-old Dorothy Towne, who ran out almost before the wedding cake got stale, came back to add, "I love him, and from now on, I'm going to be more understanding."

Obviously, Jack Webb is no Simple Simon. "I'm no angel," the man himself says, "but I can still look in the mirror when I shave." Which is a good enough starting point. The face that looks back is not particularly handsome. But it has gone into 10,000,000 homes, via the coaxial cable, and captivated as many women. They send him hand-knitted socks and ties; they write to ask him what he eats for dinner and how he feels after it. The public, Webb has always treated with kid gloves. "The public's my boss—period," he says.

Anyone else who tries to be boss or who doesn't pull his weight on the "Dragnet" team lives to regret it. Webb has been known to chuck one associate after another in his drive to the top. Naturally, they resent it. Webb brings cool logic to

own defense. "Look at their track records," he says of those he let go. "They've done very little since to prove themselves."

To Webb, "Dragnet" was a baby he carried and worked over for twenty-four hours a day—"We do one hundred hours of work for every one that appears on the screen." And if they sneered at him for being a perfectionist he didn't care. "In this business, you've got to be or you don't survive," he says. Jack survived all right—to the tune of several million dollars. But he is still not satisfied. Now he's trying to ease Friday out of the picture and make a TV series based on a character named Pete Kelly, a Kansas City cornet player of the prohibition era—if the public will accept him as Kelly. To test the public's reaction, he directed and starred in a million dollar movie production called "Pete Kelly's Blues," which is circulating around now.

Whatever the results will be, the aim is typical Jack Webb. His reach is for the stars. And when a man has the nerve to reach that high there are always plenty of lesser men around to try and pull him down. Not only that—it doesn't make it easy for those close to him. It wasn't easy for his first wife, Julie London. After one of their frequent quarrels and unsuccessful reconciliations, Jack admitted it was his fault. "I never could adapt myself," he said. "I never got home on time



WITH wife Dorothy. Jack has little time for an active social life, is rarely seen in night clubs.

for dinner. When I did get there I was usually too tied up in my own problems to be a companion for my wife. I never saw the kids (he and Julie have two young daughters) except for two minutes in the morning before I left for the studio, and on Sunday. And then maybe I'd get a call from the studio at nine o'clock Sun-

day morning and have to be there at nine-twenty. I can't stop working or worrying about the show. I'd go crazy if I tried. So our marriage got to the point where love wasn't enough."

But those who accused "Dragnet" of breaking up that marriage were off the

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mark. If it hadn't been "Dragnet," it would have been something else, because Jack's a man who thrives under pressure and who loves to work like a horse. Even though he always attracted people, he never had much time for friends or a social life. He was rarely seen in Hollywood night spots since only a bad script could keep him from sleeping nine hours a night. And every morning at eight, he was hard at work.

Julie could never understand this powerful drive in him and so they grew apart. "We developed different interests, different values on just about everything," he says. Also, Julie was an actress who had never really struck it rich, and that might have caused some resentment. Jack's present wife, Dorothy, whom he married on January 11, 1955, was an actress, too. "But not much of a one," she says, without regret. "I did a bit of modeling, too."

She did a bit of acting in "Dragnet," which is where she met Jack. It was after his marriage was over, but she didn't know it, and skipped to Mexico to forget

him. When he turned up in Mexico, she figured it was safe to do some dreaming.

They were married in Chicago. On the morning of the wedding he took an hour or so off to be interviewed by a couple of high school reporters. Dorothy didn't mind; but she started minding after a while, and at one point, packed her bags and took them to Mexico again. Three days later she was back.

"We had a big battle," Jack admitted. "It's my fault. She had every reason to be hurt when, still on the first three or four weeks of our honeymoon, I'd call and tell her I had to dine with a business associate. Or that I had to cancel a weekend with her in Palm Springs because I had to work on one of a dozen scripts. Any wife in the world would be hurt and offended. It just wasn't the right way to treat a bride!"

Jack was born in Santa Monica, California, 34 years ago, and brought up in a rough, downtown section of Los Angeles. His mother was a sometime clerk in a department store, his grandmother was a cashier and his father was out of the picture (courtesy of the divorce courts) when Jack was two years old.

Along with poverty came double pneumonia which nearly killed Jack when he was six. He lived to contract bronchitis so severe he could barely walk and had to be carried up any stairs he encountered. This condition lasted way into his boyhood and there were many nights he lay gasping for breath while his mother burned asthmatic powders to relieve him.

Oddly enough, Jack was not bitter. He didn't have plans to get even with the world, mainly because he didn't know there was another kind of world. "No Cadillacs ever went up and down the street," he recalls. "Just a lot of penny ante bootleggers. I didn't even envy the rich people and fancy cars I saw in the movies."

He was satisfied, until he got to Belmont High School, and met other kinds of kids. "I guess that was when I decided I wasn't going to be poor all my life."

He considered becoming a commercial artist and worked in the school cafeteria washing dishes, to make his way. But he began to notice something else about himself. He noticed he liked being the life of the party and getting elected president of the student body. He became interested in acting and in writing and directing plays. Though his grades were only average he managed to win three scholarships at graduation. None of which he could accept. It was during the depression and if he didn't work his family would starve. He landed a \$20 a week job selling men's clothes. He says he wasn't so hot as a salesman but apparently he learned a lot about grooming.

"He always looked like a million dollars," his first wife says. "I knew he didn't have much money—nobody did in those days—but his sweaters were cashmere, and his suits always were just right."

His suits still are. He doesn't own many, but they're all made to order at over \$200 apiece. Except for an expensive record player for his vast jazz collection (1500 discs) and a couple of Cadillacs, Jack doesn't flaunt his money and is not very concerned with material things. "He'd live in one room with a cot and a movie projector if you'd let him," a friend says.

Webb was always more interested in expanding creatively than in anything else. That's one reason he liked the army—he was a pilot in the Air Force for three years. The army gave him his first taste of traveling around the country and it offered him a chance to write, direct and act in Air Force shows.

When he was released he was hired as a radio announcer in San Francisco. "On local radio you do everything but design tubes," he says. "I did turns as a disc jockey, announcer, narrator and writer." On one weekly program he tried to dramatize big news stories by imitating such makers of history as Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill. He got to be known around the station as, "The man with a hundred voices—all alike."



JACK introduces a new character via the current film, "Pete Kelly's Blues," in which he stars.



FAME came to Jack through "Dragnet," one of television's most successful crime series.

At that time he met a writer named Richard Breen. Meeting Breen was a turning point in his life. "It was his skill that put me on the road to becoming an actor," Jack says. Breen wrote a series of private eye dramas called "Pat Novak For Hire" and Jack starred in them. (Breen later wrote the script for "Pete Kelly's Blues," and was best man at Jack's wedding to Dorothy.)

The "Novak" series didn't last, but it wasn't long before Jack found movie work. He appeared in "The Men," "Sunset Boulevard" and enough other movies to bode well for his future. But it was while he was making a documentary film about the L.A. police department that the idea for "Dragnet" was planted. A technical adviser, who was also a policeman, mentioned all the interesting cases in the department files. He also mentioned that most dramas about police work were so phony they sickened him.

For a year and a half Jack buried himself in the files of the L.A. police department, and in 1949 "Dragnet" was ready for radio. Three years later, Webb hit the jackpot on TV.

All his life he'd been crazy about music, and whatever spare time he did have he spent listening. "He's heard every horn player in the world but Gabriel," his friend Breen says. "Breen's wrong," Jack says. "I heard Gabriel's earthly version—the dean of them all, Louis Armstrong."

No sooner was "Dragnet" rolling than the idea for "Pete Kelly's Blues" was simmering—and how can you tame a man like that? In a way, Webb's full of the same frenetic energy that goes into the making of a cornet player like Pete Kelly. A musician can't live without straining for the high notes; Webb can't live without the lure of a back-breaking challenge on the horizon. Work is his life. Only the people who share his passion, or at least understand it, can go Webb's way with him.

END

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"I'll Cry Tomorrow"

continued from page 41.

glamorous as possible when out in public or posing for a layout; but when she's roaming around her own kitchen, she might do the apron bit, provided no photographers are around!

Certainly she hasn't relegated herself to aprons, but will don one on occasion—usually to cook some dish that her sons are particularly fond of.

Susan's very proud of them. She likes the fact that both boys go in for sports: baseball, football, swimming and fishing. She takes them fishing with her whenever possible (she's a demon fisherman, and she likes building model airplanes for them in much the same spirit that most fathers like helping with their sons' electric trains). No one has ever figured out who gets the most fun out of the planes—Timothy and Gregory or Susan.

She's pleased that the twins are most unidentical and individualistic. "Dressing them alike might be easier for me, but it would be most unfair to them," she says. "Since the boys are completely unlike in personality, they would have a right to resent any attempt to turn them into two children who wore the same clothes and of whom exactly the same pattern of behavior was expected."

In spite of the fact that the boys are the most important thing in her life, she says frankly that she wants to get married again some day, when she meets the right man. She claims she hasn't met him yet. But when a friend asked, "Do you feel you're leading a full life now?" she answered, "Good heavens, no. No woman leads a full life unless she shares it with the right man."

Rumors that she would reconcile with Jess Barker have won nothing but derision from Susan. "I've had it, period,"

she says. "We made a mistake. I'm not saying I'm an angel and he's a devil, but we're all wrong for each other."

When a fortune teller predicted that she and Jess would reconcile, she said scornfully, "He should be in another business." Susan used to go in for astrology, occasionally, but when some astrologers predicted that Adlai Stevenson would be elected instead of Dwight Eisenhower, Susan changed her mind. "If astrology can be that wrong," she said, "I'll have nothing more to do with it."

Susan likes to spend money—but sensibly. For instance, she loves modern paintings, but she buys reproductions, not originals from the Museum of Modern Art. "Why should I buy originals," she asks, "when I get just as much pleasure out of reproductions?"

Since she believes in glamour and is trying to make up for a childhood in which she couldn't afford nice things, she permits herself two extravagances: a Cadillac convertible and glamorous clothes. Even here, her native money sense asserts itself. When one mink coat wore out, she had it cut into scarves, which she wore when she went shopping. Again, wearing mink scarves even for shopping is part of her sense of showmanship.

"It's nonsense to say a movie star should look like the girl next door," she laughs. "If people wanted to see the girl next door, they'd drop right over and see her—and save the 85 cents or a dollar they spend on a movie. But just as I was starved for glamor as a kid, most moviegoers are hungry for it, on the screen and off it. It's one of the qualities they expect of every movie star."

In every public appearance she makes, Susan gives them their money's worth.



WITH Ray Danton in a scene from "I'll Cry Tomorrow," a perfect story for Susan's talents.



SUSAN makes no bones of the fact that one of her aims in life is to please men.

Most of the changes in Susan since her divorce don't show on the surface. She's more beautiful than ever, dresses as glamorously as before. But there's an inner change in Susan. If I were seeking 25 words to describe Susan today, I'd choose these from the Bible: "This one thing I do: forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark."

Susan has said, "Why spend my time dwelling on mistakes I've made in the past? Regrets can ruin you. A new life awaits me. I just know it will be a good one."

About a year ago, Susan completely redecorated and repainted her English type cottage-home in the San Fernando Valley. The living room was redone in soft grays and yellows, and almost every room in the house took on new life and personality.

Some of Susan's friends say she is trying to obliterate the past, to wipe out all reminders of a marriage that brought her a great deal of heartache. Others say, "Well, it had been quite a while since she'd done anything to the house. Even if there had been no unhappy memories, she probably would have redecorated the house anyway."

Probably it was a little of each motive that inspired Susan: the desire to be done with the past and start afresh, and the feeling that it would be fun to be surrounded by new colors.

As for the future, she says simply, "I have to take on many more responsibilities. Though normally impulsive, I can't act so much on impulse as I used to."

To sum up the lady known as Susan, one of her best friends says, "She is complex, elusive and unpredictable. She has the soul of a ballet dancer and the appetite of a truck driver. She makes very few friends, but once you're her friend, she's your friend forever." **END**

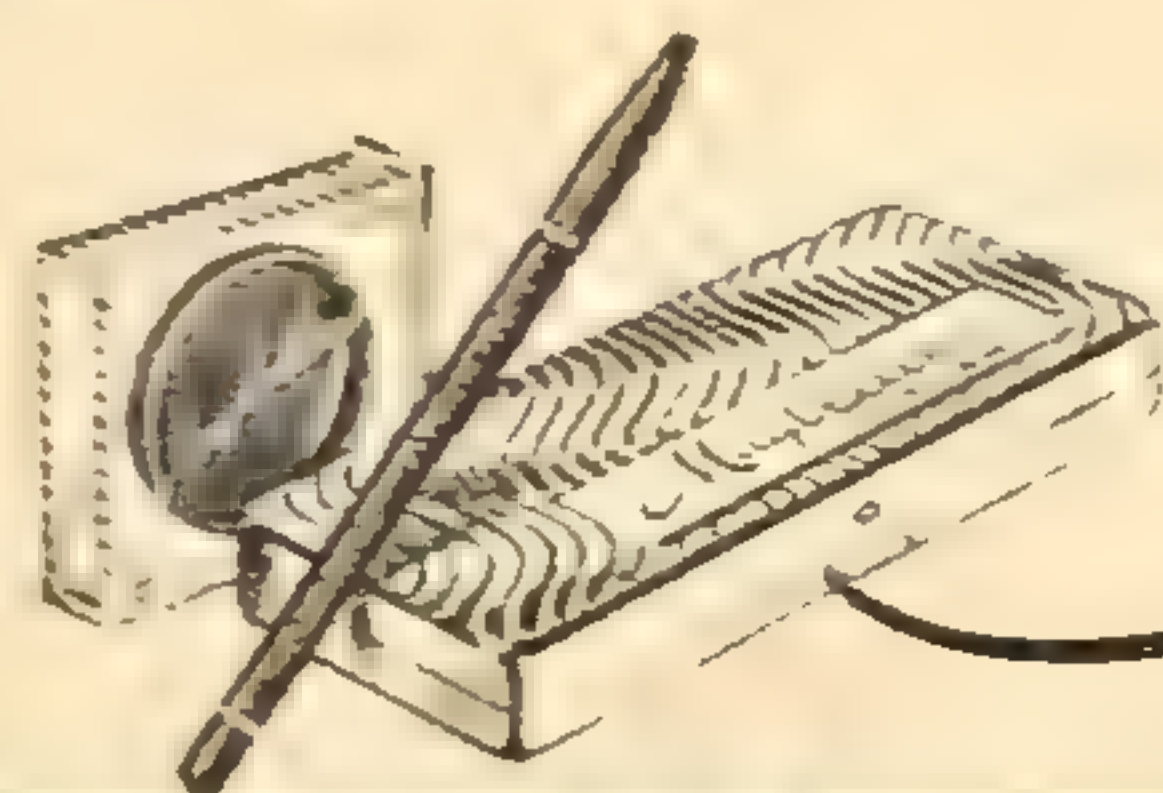


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Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 6

make another picture"—which took care of all the questions I had to ask her.

Mario Lanza insists on okaying every story that concerns him or his comeback picture, "Serenade," and I understand he's refused to sing any duets in the film—only solos. . . The wife of one of our biggest stars supervises the retouching of all publicity pictures in which they're together, and when she's through with them, 30 pounds have been retouched off—which is the easiest way I know of to lose weight. . . Marilyn Monroe has another complex. She's convinced that women hate her. Some do. But I've always had a warm spot for the beautiful blonde. . . Gloria Gordon, the teen-aged doll who was leased to Howard Hughes by 20th Century-Fox for the starring role in "Skin Divers," is getting a bit waterlogged. She's been doing underwater scenes for the picture off Florida for months. It's as good as a pension—if you can take the aqua.

Mamie Van Oomph is steaming over printed reports that her boy friend, Ray Anthony, gifted her with a flashy new car. "Everything I've got I paid for myself," says Mame—and she's got plenty. . . I hear tell that Piper Laurie was pencilled in as Tony Curtis' leading lady in "The Square Jungle," but that one of the two principals involved (and I'm not telling which one) put up such a squawk that Barbara Rush was rushed into the part. . . Joan Collins, "The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing," says of her boy friend, Syd Chaplin: "Syd has what no other man has." I wonder what she means?

Joan Bennett is miffed over the rum that she had her glamorous face lifted. "If anyone believes it they can examine my head for scars." Joan appeared on a television show, and I can testify that she's still using the same face she's had for 45 years, although on her it looks about 30. . . Ann Miller's recent announcement that she will join the Roman Catholic Church is a dead giveaway to her marriage plans. She'll wed her long-time beau, L. A. Deputy Attorney General William O'Connor as soon as the church allows. . . Ann Blyth's schedule cancelled her out of a prime role opposite Ty Power in "The Eddy Duchin Story," but Annie's one girl who'd rather have a baby than a picture any time.

Ingrid Bergman, after 10 these many years, is finally going to do something worthy of her talents. She'll play "Tales of Andromeda" on the Paris stage. What a talent Rossellini's wasted. . . I hear Debra Paget wants out of her contract at 20th. She thinks she can do better freelancing. This girl started her career with a bang and she's determined not to fizzle out like a very damp firecracker. . . Lauren Bacall is peeved at a report that she and her next-door neighbor, Judy Garland, run back and forth borrowing cups of vodka and trying on each other's mink coats. "That's a stupid thing to say," Baby barked. "I don't even own a mink coat." And it's a well-known fact that Bogey drinks Scotch, not vodka.

Everytime I see an actress playing waitress in a movie, I'm reminded of the time Shelley Winters waited on Ronald



OOMPHE Cleo Moore and Marine Col. K. T. Carson having fun at a Hollywood night spot.



NOW that he's back from abroad will the Gene Nelson-Piper Laurie romance flourish?

Colman's table in "A Double Life." After rehearsing the scene many times, the director complained bitterly that she wasn't acting like a waitress. And Shelley snapped: "Look, I've BEEN a waitress. Have you?"

Clark Gable's elopement with blonde and beautiful Kay Spreckels came as no surprise to me. Clark likes to laugh, and Kay is full of fun. This is the marriage Clark needed to forget his last mistake with the Lady Sylvia. It was only shortly before they took the plunge in the wedding pool that the King was asked when it would happen. He put off with: "Kay and I might do it just to kill your favorite question." But I knew then they'd do it because they were—and are—in love.

Dana Andrews, the only one of seven brothers who doesn't have at least one college degree, says of the others: "They're all very tolerant of me. They think I'm talented—if uneducated". . . Farley Granger handed over quite a hunk of dough to producer Sam Goldwyn to get out of his contract with him but he isn't sorry. "My bank account may be weaker, but my career is stronger," he confided. "It was strictly a personality clash, and I'm glad it's over. I was in a constant state of tension and resentment. I was miserable. Now I can do what I want to do when I want to do it."

Eva Marie Saint is being approached for all those "understanding wife" roles that June Allyson is turning down. June's had it as far as being understanding goes. . . Edith Head, Paramount's head designer and a sharp cookie, insists that there are only three movie stars with the proper backward look to wear tight toreador pants—the French ballet queen, Jeanmaire, Audrey Hepburn and she said, Roy Rogers. "Roy," she insisted, "has the trimmest derriere in all of Hollywood". . . Bob Stack and Rosemarie Bowe, who look so well together, are learning to Cha Cha Cha—that's a dance, friends, a dance.

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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

can't understand Ruth Etting's peeve with MGM over her story in "Love Me Or Leave Me." She's talking a lawsuit, claiming that her signed clearance didn't give them the right to go as far as they did—"They told everything but my age and they didn't leave much doubt about that," Ruth grumbled. But she okayed the story and script. I understand that her first husband, Moe "The Gimp" Snyder, was paid an extra \$10,000 just before the picture started.

Maureen O'Hara tells me her daughter, Bronwyn, won't see her father even if she's ordered to by the court. . . And while we're on divorce troubles, Tita Purdom has just hired her third lawyer and now is determined to shed the wayward Edmund.

If starlet Kathryn Grant isn't Mrs. Bing Crosby by the time you read this, it might be because she told too many people here about the plans—if any. Bing, like a lot of important gents hereabouts, believes a man's love life is his own. . .

Joan Crawford plays a down-at-the-heels operator of a secretarial school in "The Way We Are," but designer Jean Louis has whipped her up a wardrobe that'll put her on the "ten best" list. Joan believes in looking like a million, even when she's playing a girl without a cent. Incidentally, I'm revising my first thought that Joan will retire soon from her film career. Joan will be making movies as long as there's a camera left in Hollywood, come rain, sleet, snow or Al Steele. . . It must be love for Lana and Lex. She caddies for him when he plays golf and he plays an awful lot of golf. . . Marie Wilson tells me that her glass-blowing brother accidentally blew a bottle around himself and next morning the milkman came along and picked him up with the empties.

Jimmy Stewart wants Grace Kelly to play opposite him in Paramount's "Gertrude Lawrence As Mrs. A," but the studio wants Deborah Kerr for the role, So do I—Deb or Greer Garson. . . Piper Laurie has moved into her own apartment for the first time in her life and is being very hush-hush about the reason why. . . Anita Ekberg, the Swedish doll under contract to John Wayne's Batjac Company, is having \$50,000 spent on her this year just for publicity, and that's a fancy figure for a fancy figure. . . Elizabeth Taylor's chest measurement is larger than Gina's, Jane's or Marilyn's—not all together, of course. . . Liberace's fans will certainly see great gobs of him in "Sincerely Yours." Lee appears in 100 of the 105 pages of the script. . . The reason why Clark Gable turned down MGM's request for him to sub for Spencer Tracy in "Tribute To A Bad Man," is that Clark can't forget the fact that when he left the studio after being there 25 years, not one

Executive came down on the set to bid him good-bye.

George Gobel will dance two dances with Mitzi Gaynor in "The Lady Eve." "I can't wait," sighed Mitzi to me. I can't wait to see it. Marriage agrees with this happy-happy girl—she sparkles plenty all over. . . Gary Crosby is wisely doing an about-face. "He was on his way to being the most disliked performer here," a co-worker of his told me. "He was turning down interviews, refusing to pose for pictures, breaking appointments, and in general acting like a heel. Then one of his advisers had a 'dutch uncle' talk with him, and you wouldn't believe what a nice guy he is now." I'm glad to hear it, too, 'cause I love the whole Crosby clan.

And with that happy exit line, I'll say good-bye until next month. **END**

Why Martin And Lewis Are Rifting

continued from page 31

months. He felt that he was being considered as merely the straight man in the act, a guy who would feed Jerry some lines and maybe sing a song during scenery changes. He felt he was a solid 50 per cent of the team and should be treated accordingly.

Dean didn't balk at doing the picture, but he wasn't happy about it. Every once in a while he came up with a pointed remark like: "Don't forget I'm in this picture, too."

Just at this time, something happened that bolstered his contention that he was no less than half of the team. His record of "That's Amore" suddenly caught fire and sold over a million copies.

This was significant. Jerry often took pride in saying that the only time they performed singly was on records. He made some gag discs and kiddie albums, while Dean waxed pop records. Dean's hit with "That's Amore" proved to him that he was a star in his own right, not just a straight man to a zany comic.

Dean grew more touchy about incidents that appeared to leave him out in the cold.

A national magazine was doing a spread on the wild dance Jerry did with Sheree North in "Living It Up." Part of the spread was to be a large photo of Jerry, Sheree and Dean.

While he was on location in Arizona, Dean picked up a copy of the mag. The big picture featured only Jerry and Sheree. Dean had been cut out of it.

"That proves it!" he declared, complaining that he had been discriminated against.

After that, Jerry tried to invoke a rule that they would never be photographed or

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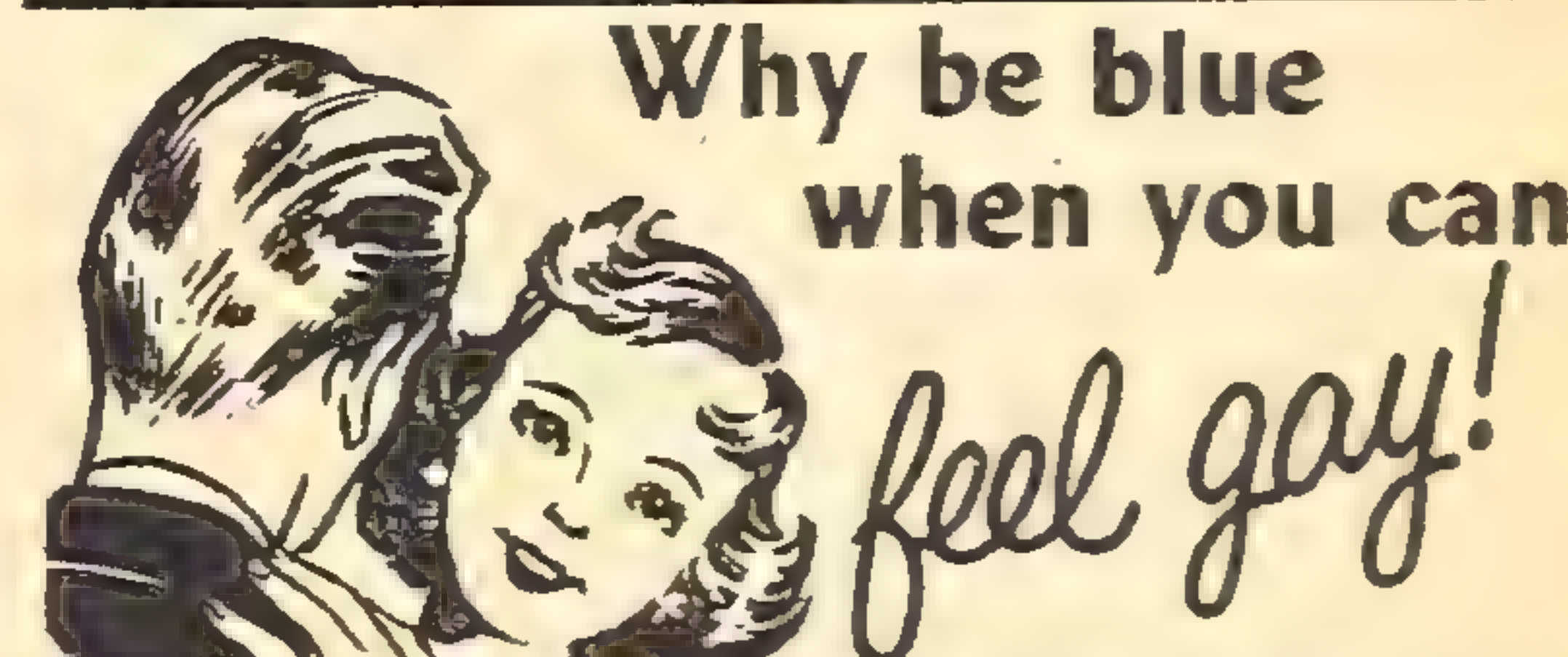
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MARTIN AND LEWIS RIFT

continued

interviewed separately. While he was making "You're Never Too Young," he happened to exchange a few remarks with a reporter. He was thunderstruck when the story appeared in print. It failed to mention Dean!

Jerry did everything he could to avoid having the story seen by Dean. He even tried to pressure a Los Angeles paper into not running it. The incident shows how desperate he has been to avoid further friction with his partner.

But the seed had been planted, and it continued to grow. The final blow came when Paramount planned to premiere "You're Never Too Young" at Brown's Hotel in honor of Jerry. It was bound to infuriate Dean.

"I'm not going," he said.

"But Dean, it would look bad if you weren't there for the premiere of your picture," he was told.

"So it looks bad. I'm not going. Why should I go that far to listen to a lot of schmaltz. It's Jerry's party. He can go."

No amount of persuasion could change his mind. It was clear to him that the premiere would be a tribute to Jerry and Dean would be pushed into the background, as he had been too many times, he thought.

The Martin and Lewis feud rumors, which had been smoldering again, now burst into full flame. No longer could it be ignored.

Jerry kept still. Asked about the hubbub, Dean replied: "I'm not mad at Jerry about this. But, naturally, I'm upset about it. All this publicity makes me look like a heel."

He added a startler: that he was thinking of performing as a single. He said he wanted his own TV show.

"I just want to sing a little more," he said.

Undoubtedly, they will perform together again. They are tied up to multi-million dollar deals with Paramount for movies, and NBC for television. These are ironclad contracts which cannot be escaped.

Their basic differences are summed up by a friend who has worked with them closely, yet can afford to be objective:

"The boys are entirely different in their temperaments. Whereas the contrast makes them perfect as entertainers, it works out less than perfectly in their own lives.

"Martin and Lewis can be aptly compared to Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Jerry is just like Bob. Both are not happy unless they are chasing off after an audience. They like to perform, enjoy the response of an audience. To them, the greatest pleasure is in cracking jokes and cutting up before a packed house.

"Dean is just like Bing. Both are easy-going, if not actually lazy. They do their jobs and get away. If they had the

choice, they'd much rather play golf than act.

"Now the combination of talents can work out in the case of Hope and Crosby. They can perform together, then go their separate ways. Even when they made the 'Road' pictures, they were never together for more than two months.

"But with Dean and Jerry it's different. They've got to be together a large part of their lives. And when friction develops between two so intimately associated, something's got to give."

The difference between them is best illustrated by their personal appearance tours. During their last picture, Dean was asked what they would do next.

"Go on tour, I'm afraid," he sighed.

"If you don't like it, why do you go?" his questioner asked.

"Because Jerry wants to."

That's the way it has been. Jerry loves to hit the road with a special train full of musicians and vaudeville acts. Dean considers it a bore.

The chances are that the Martin and Lewis team will not split up. But it will never be the same.

The pattern was probably established on their last movie. During the film, they would run hot and cold together. At times it would seem that they were buddies as of old. They'd be out playing catch in the studio street. But at other times, there was a real coolness between them.

"There's no reason why they can't continue on the same basis," observed one associate. "The history of show business is replete with teams that performed together and didn't get along. Many a leading lady has made violent love onstage to the leading actor and then snubbed him offstage.

"Gilbert and Sullivan created some of their greatest works at a time when they wouldn't speak to each other. If they could do it, Dean and Jerry can." **END**



CHANCES are Martin and Lewis will not split up, but things will never be the same.

let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY

FOR THOSE IN LOVE Dinah Washington has waxed a collection of familiar ballads for Emarcy under the above title, artfully accompanied by her regular trio along with guitarist **Barry Galbraith** and others. . . . Decca's Rhythm-and-Blues Maestro **Bill Haley** is on two sides again with "Razzle-Dazzle" and "Two Hound Dogs"—with plenty of razz-ma-tazz. . . . "The Banjo's Back In Town" and **Teresa Brewer's** making happy sounds to accompany it on a Coral disk. Flip's a cutie, too—"How To Be Merry, Very Popular"—and Miss B. should know. . . . Columbia comes up with a fine, danceable arrangement of the big favorite, "The Kentuckian Song," by the **Paul Weston Ork**, with the flip "You and You Alone" providing an outstanding trumpet solo by **Zeke Zarchy**.

Another "Kentuckian Song," under the Coral label, features vocalist **Bobby Herwood**, and it's good. Flip's a peirdie, "Far Away Places," with a collection of Spike Jones sound effects. . . . Or the now-I've-heard-everything department: "Crazy Organ Rag" and who at **Lenny Dee** could wax that one? Flip's "Punxsutawney Boogie" (are you still with me?) and it's sensational all the way (Decca). . . . It's a Cole Porter hit from "Can-Can," with a vocal by **Lena Horne** and "It's All Right With Me." That more can I say but that the flip's a catchy number, too, called "It's Love," and that it's Victor's? . . . Can't stay away from that R&B for long—**Roy Hamilton** and Epic have latched on to a two-sided hit: "Forgive This Fool" and "You Wanted To Change Me."

For them as likes their ballads weepy, **Pitty Wells'** new platter "There's Poison In Your Heart," is pure agony, country style. Flip's "I'm In Love With You" with an appealing vocal (Decca). . . . RCA Victor Collector's Issue album features twelve instrumentals of **Count**

Basie, eight of which have never before been released. A Basie-fan must. . . . Another Victor album (Label X) you'll go for is "**Robert Q. Lewis And His Gang**," featuring Ray Bloch and his ork. The Chordettes, Betty Clooney, Lois Hunt, Don Liberto and Earl Wrightson. It has all the zest and gayety that characterize the Robert Q. radio and TV shows. . . . **Joan Regan** handles "Just Say You Love Her" and "If We Learn To Love Each Other" for London with style and tenderness. The organ background is especially effective. . . . Another songstress with style, **Jane Froman**, has waxed an appealing ballad, "Summertime In Venice," for Capitol.

Les Paul and wife **Mary Ford** have come up with the best rendition the folk-tune, "Hummingbird," has had to date. "Goodbye My Love" is on the reverse (Capitol). . . . "May I Never Love Again" and "Don't Tell Me Why"—two sweetly sentimental sides set a-spinning by the romantic warbling of **Tony Bennett** (Columbia). . . . Now Hear This! "The Girl Upstairs," tune from "The Seven Year Itch," with a haunting, sensuous arrangement by the **Woody Herman Ork**. Flip's "You're Here, My Love" and it's a warm one (Capitol). . . . The **Harptones** give an R&B treatment to "Life Is But A Dream" for Paradise Records. The group sings out with a penetrating beat, and the flip, "You Know You're Doing Me Wrong," is very much all right. . . . **Rosemary Clooney** has done right well by Columbia with "Sailor Boys Have Talk To Me In English." This tune, from the "Las Vegas Ziegfeld Follies," will get a big play, I betcha. "Go On By," on the flip, is pretty Rosie too. . . . **END**

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"Thanks For Nothing"

continued from page 55

meantime I learned these same actors had personal press agents themselves! And believe it or not, there was one particular fellow who offered to handle my publicity for free—providing I'd go for a dreamed-up romance with one of his clients. What if I had agreed! I learned later the young chick had an ever-lovin' husband and a baby too!"

Ask anyone at 20th Century-Fox and they'll tell you Bob is very popular around the lot. And because he likes people, one of his ways of showing it is to kid them. He kids the waitresses in the commissary and the cops at the gate. Sometimes he sneaks free rides on the motor scooters used by lab workers for transporting film. Drivers in the transportation department go for Bob as a passenger because he yaks it up and calls them all by first name. Everyone addresses him as R.J. (he was christened Robert John) so look what his friendliness got him into! One day he was called on the carpet.

"I'd like to give you a little advice," volunteered an executive. "You're a big star now, Bob, so you've got to behave like one. You must have dignity and live up to prestige. It's all right to be friendly with people, but you're overdoing it. Try to be more aloof."

"Here's the pay-off," confesses Bob, "this executive was the same one who once bawled me out because, he said, it was all going to my head and I was taking it big—whatever that means. He reminded me that I *wasn't* a star and advised me to take it easy and not try to act like one. How can you win? To this day I don't think of myself as a big star like Bill Holden, Robert Taylor and Cary Grant. They're *really* big stars. The box-office proves it."

During the six years he's been in pictures, Bob's been very lucky and he never forgets it.

"Even when the parts were small," he says, "I was still working in top productions, associating with top people. So directors like Walter Lang, Henry Hathaway and Henry Koster made me look better than I was. Stars like Barbara Stanwyck, Spencer Tracy, Thelma Ritter and Clifton Webb helped to carry me over the rough spots. But I eventually realized I couldn't go on having someone hold a pillow under me forever.

"The first challenge was 'White Feather,' to be shot in Mexico under harrowing conditions, and I was strongly advised not to do it. It's true, there were no great star names to carry me and I lost fifteen pounds when I got sick in Mexico. But I'm still glad I didn't listen to that advice, because that picture gave the studio enough confidence in me to switch from the type of role I have been doing and



TRENCH COAT attracts Bob while on a shopping spree. He's a meticulous dresser.

cast me in something entirely different.

"In 'A Kiss Before Dying,' I play a crazy mixed-up kid, a psychopathic killer who hates poverty. It's filmed in Cinema-Scope and Eastman color. I do charming things like killing a guy with a gun, attempting to do away with Virginia Leith, and when a dose of arsenic poisoning fails, I push Joan Woodward off a building. Nice simple fellow, don't you think?

"This picture was a big boost to my morale," says Bob, "and then the studio informed me they were giving me a wonderful break in their own TV production of 'The Ox Bow Incident.' I've been taking lessons from an excellent drama coach named Gertrude Fogler, but I must admit my first TV appearance in a dramatic role was the biggest challenge I've had yet.

"Fortunately for me, however, I've learned so much from the advice I *didn't* take and with the help of a guardian angel, it all worked out quite well. At least everyone concerned seemed to be pleased. Every now and then I stop to take inventory of what's happened to me in Hollywood and I always come to the same conclusion. Who could ask for more?"

END

Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 10

ene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton and Ziggy Elman! Believe me, the recording stage was jammed when his crew was working!

LIFELY HUMOR—Knowing James Stewart's fetish for authenticity, your reporter asked Jimmy's wife, Gloria, if her husband did any special research for his role of a doctor in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Quipped Mrs. S., "Yes, he watched three 'Medic' shows on TV."

R. & MRS. NOTES—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall have signed to co-star in Warners' screen version of J. P. Marquand's "Melville Goodwin, U.S.A." . . . Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas are opening a boutique—that's a gift shop with high prices—in the new Beverly Hilton Hotel . . . Mike Wilding went a'visitin' down Texas way to see wife Liz Taylor while she was on location for "Giant" . . . Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford teamed up with MGM to make a short to aid blind children. This was Eleanor's first visit to her home lot since 1949—and the first time Mr. and Mrs. F. appeared in a movie together . . . Betty Garrett and Larry Parks are in Europe for nine months of vaudeville bookings, so Betty will miss being "My Sister Eileen" until her return. Too bad, because she's so good! . . . Jack Webb has wife Dorothy with him on his 30-hour tour to ballyhoo "Pete Kelly's Blues." No marital trouble now.

SERIES FIRST—As we predicted, Lucy Marlow will wed Andy Carey after the World Series. Reason: Andy's third baseman of the New York Yankees. Lucy's happy as a lark, because her romance is in high gear and so is her career, since she breaks of "Queen Bee." And to make everything perfect, her parents are giving



JOHN SMITH, newcomer in the Hollywood firmament, out on a date with Kathy Alden.

her and Andy a beach house at Malibu for a wedding present.

DELAYED DATES—David Janssen and Leigh Snowden knew each other only casually when they were both starting in TV here. Then Dave went in the Army and Leigh went back East. Next step, both were signed at U-I and both assigned to "All That Heaven Allows," with Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman. You guessed it—they're now dating. Not exclusively, but very happily. Leigh and Dick Contino no longer seem to be "in tune."

FAMILY NOTE—Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea make a great stage team as they proved when they went back to St. Louis—Virginia's home town—for the premiere of her RKO pic, "Pearl Of The South Pacific." And they're just as great a marital team. In addition to love, this happy couple have a unique respect for each other and a great mutual dependence. Odd note: funnyman Mike is the worrier of the family, especially about little daughter Mary Catherine. Mike wouldn't agree to the St. Louis trip and leaving the baby at home until RKO agreed to furnish around-the-clock private police protection. He was worried about kidnappers! Mike's stock is soaring again because of his TV series.

NOT YET—Kim Novak, back from her five-week locationing in Kansas for "Picnic," admitted she had missed Mac Krim "like crazy," even though they long-distanced almost every day. But she still says she isn't going to marry Mac "or anyone" for quite a while. She insists she's going to concentrate on her career. And the rushes of "Picnic" indicate she's proving herself an actress as well as the



ONCE a steady twosome, Marla English and Larry Pennell are now dating others.

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

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MAGGIE TOO—Now pert, pretty and 18, Margaret O'Brien, who "retired" from films at 14, is making a "comeback" in RKO's "Glory" and is being given the full cheesecake treatment for benefit of magazines. Maggie has graduated from high school and now the former little "Lost Angel" will once again concentrate on films. Romance? "Not yet," says she.

HAPPY—Colleen Miller is a happy gal. U-I likes the job she did opposite Tony Curtis in "Rawhide Years"—and she's obviously happily married to Ted Briskin, Betty Hutton's ex. Ted's business is in Chicago, her career here, so they have apartments in both cities and commute . . . Lana and Lex, blithely confounding the "experts" who keep rumoring a rift, went junketing off to Acapulco after she finished "Diane" and he completed "Away All Boats" . . . Julie Adams is so proud of the job bridegroom Ray Danton did on loan-out to MGM in "I'll Cry Tomorrow" opposite Susan Hayward. Julie went East on a p.a. tour with "The Private War Of Major Benson," but Ray joined her in New York for a visit with his parents.

PAPA STUFF—Jack Lemmon, in New York for the TV show honoring "Mr. Roberts," had to miss son Chris's first birthday. Doting dad Jack was so disappointed that he telephoned to "talk" to Chris. The junior Lemmon gurgled a few gurgles . . . It was touch and go whether Audie Murphy would be able to leave for his month's tour for openings of his "To Hell And Back." Son Terry had the

mumps—and Audie hadn't had 'em when he was a kid!

DATA ON DATES—Gig Young, set emcee Warners' TV series as well as feature films for the studio where started his career, dated Elaine Stritt while she was here, but it seems the marriage plans have been called off. Tom Tryon is putting more than the script calls for into his love-scene rehearsals with Carol Ohmart in "The Scarlet Hour" . . . George Nader, a real hell type date, has been assisting Martha Hyer move into her new apartment . . . Ted Hunter, taking dramatic lessons like crazy, has found some time to resume dating Lori Nelson. And Lori's now well enough to go back to work in "Sincerely Yours" with Liberace . . . Marisa Pavan and Arthur Loew Jr. are constant daters. This looks serious.

SHORT SHOTS—Dolores Hope took the four little Hopes to Europe for three months and Rapid Robert is to join them for a short vacation after finishing "King Of Hearts" . . . Milton and Ruth Bernier are making the West Coast their home with Uncle Miltie's TV shows to emanate from here . . . Joanne Gilbert and her groom, screenwriter Dan Arnold, are having two honeymoons; one in Las Vegas, another later in Hawaii . . . Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell had a big splash party to celebrate completion of their swimming pool. It's a 30x44 foot job. No overgrown bathtub for ex-frogman Aldo!

STORMY—Jayne Mansfield is divorcing Paul Mansfield, a newspaperman . . . Ron Randell's wife filed against him on grounds of desertion . . . Joan Collins flies to London on completion of "The Girl On The Red Velvet Swing" to get a divorce. **END**

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Coming Attractions

continued from page 8



RICHARD TODD loses his heart to Joan Collins in 20th's drama, "The Virgin Queen."

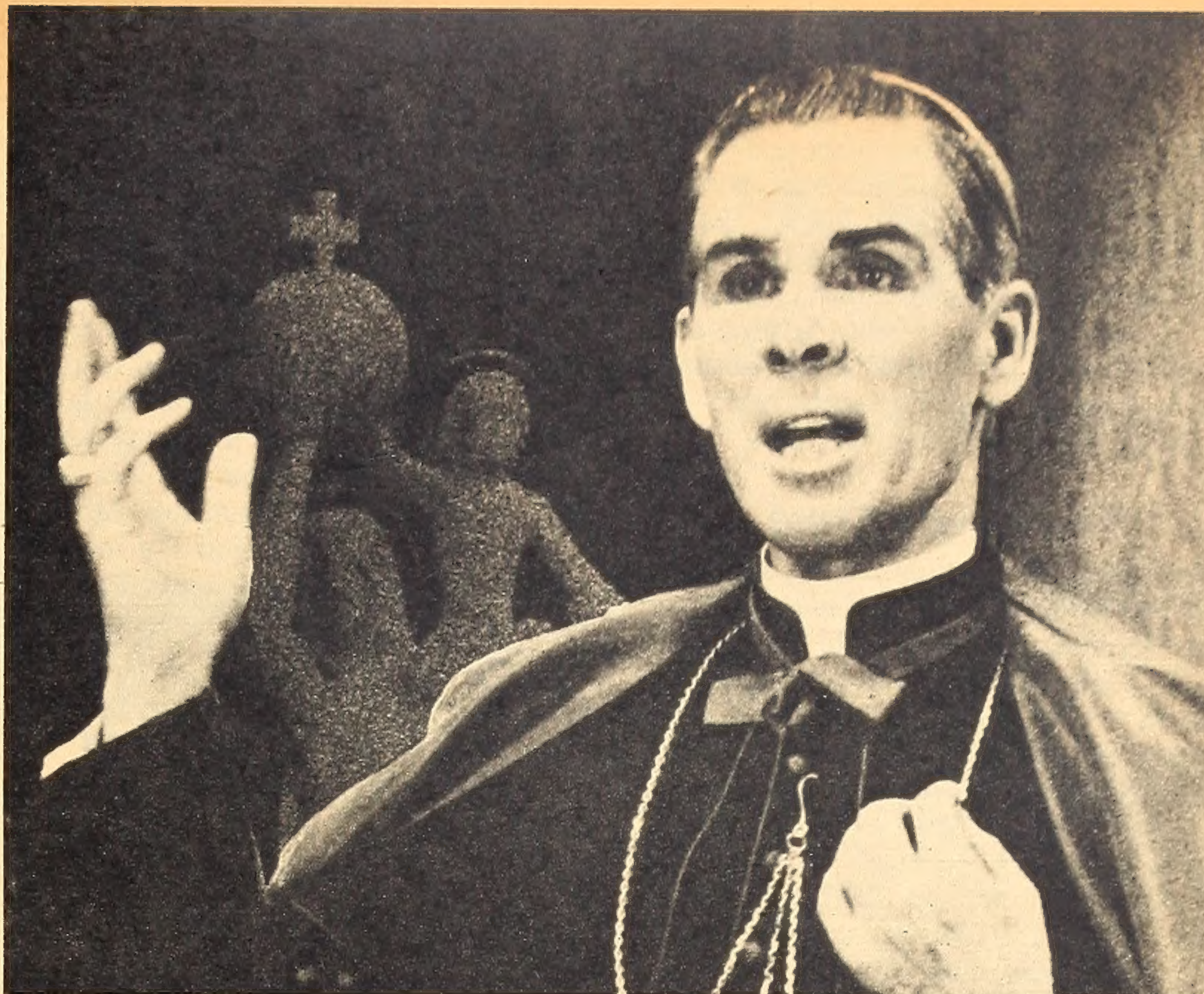
hypnotism. When you add this nutty collection to the flutter-brained antics of Betty and Sheree, nothing makes very much sense, which is exactly as it should be in this giddy meringue of Technicolor spoofing. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Virgin Queen

AFTER a three-year absence from the screen, Bette Davis comes striding triumphantly back as Queen Elizabeth I, the red-headed harpy who ruled England in the 16th Century. A poisonous-tongued tyrant with the face of a gargoyle, Queen Bess had all the charm of a horror chamber. None of this deters Sir Walter Raleigh, Richard Todd, from currying the Queen's favor. Wanting ship to sail to the New World, but not willing to forfeit his pride, Todd is an equal match for the feisty old Bess. A hothead, he nimbly tight-rope walks the Queen's high-strung affections. More than once, he almost topples into the hands of the executioner, taking along as company his secret bride, lady-in-waiting Joan Collins. An exciting Technicolor view of court intrigue that surrounded some of the most colorful figures in English history. (20th Century-Fox.)

Pete Kelly's Blues

FOR a musician who prefers minding his own business, trumpet-playing Jack Webb catches himself a fistful of WarnerColor trouble. During the Roaring Twenties it was a cinch to do. The leader of a small jazz combo, Webb is offered "protection" for himself and his men by bootlegger Edmund O'Brien. Taking the line of least resistance, Webb is willing to part with a hefty chunk of his salary, but



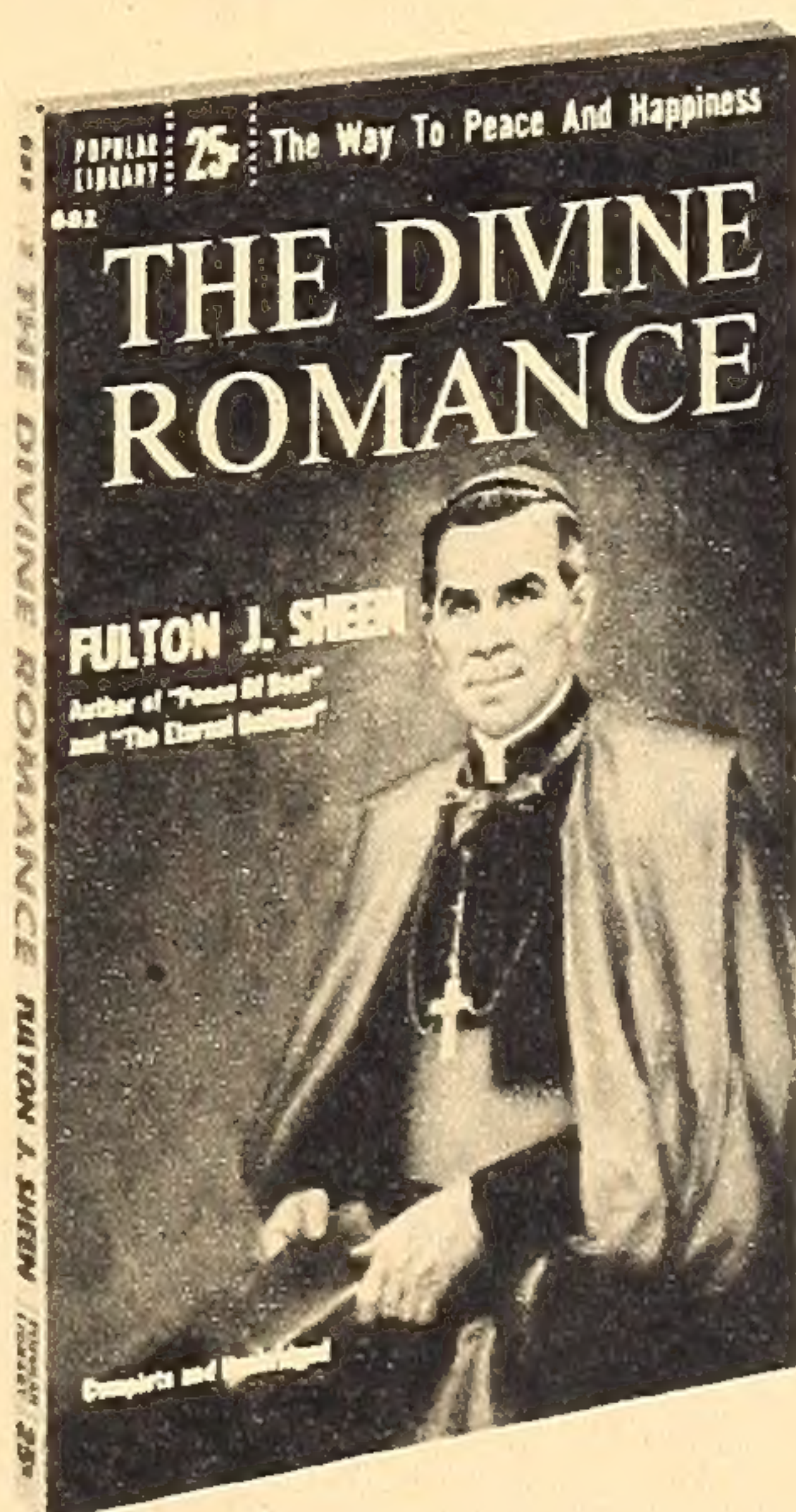
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55S

COMING ATTRACTIONS

continued

his young drummer has other ideas. It isn't long before Webb has one bullet-riddled drummer; a giddy heiress, Janet Leigh; and a dipsomaniac singer, Peggy Lee, to louse up his life. But just give him a horn, and, like Joshua fighting the battle of Jericho, all the walls keeping Webb from a plush life with Janet go tumbling down. (Warner Brothers.)

The King's Thief

HIGHWAYMAN and rogue Edmund Purdom preserves England's aristocracy when he agrees to help Lady Ann Blyth clear her dead father of false treason charges. If this happens, David Niven, adviser to King George Sanders, stands to lose a lot—his head, for instance. A regular nifty-shifty, Niven has been getting rid of all the king's loyal followers on phony treason charges. After their executions, Niven secretly takes over their arms and armies. Once the opposition has been cleared, Niven can overthrow the king, and England will be his. None of this is news to Purdom, but how will he, a wanted criminal, gain an audience with the king? Purdom's flare for the unusual solves the dilemma. He, with Ann's aid, swipes the crown jewels—boy, does that get the king's attention! Good old-fashioned derring-do, filmed in color, and crammed with cliff-hanging chills. (MGM.)

Svengali

AFTER artists' model Hildegard Neff meets Donald Wolfitt, a brilliant but unpleasant man known in Paris' arty Latin Quarter as Svengali, she undergoes a subtle, chilling transformation. Gradually, Wolfitt's hypnotic powers turn the tone-deaf Hildegard into one of Europe's most celebrated concert singers. So completely enthralled in Wolfitt's spell, she becomes a mindless robot apparently forgetting the past and the only person capable of delivering her from Wolfitt's sinister ambitions. Fortunately, Terance Morgan, Hildegard's former beau, has a strong streak of persistence and through this, Svengali and his evil talents are eventually destroyed. Unusual drama slickly turned out in Eastman Color and highlighted by the magnificent voice of Madame Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. (MGM.)

The McConnell Story

TO Captain Joseph McConnell, Jr., the sky was his source of life and strength. During World War II, McConnell, played by Alan Ladd, began his Army career as a buck private in the Medical Corps. As a result, both McConnell and the U.S. Army were miserable. In desperation, McConnell was transferred to pre-flight school. There, he did remarkably well aside from one slip-up. He went AWOL for several hours in an attempt to visit

wife June Allyson who was about to present him with a baby. Serving as a navigator during the Second World War, McConnell actually didn't get behind the controls of his own plane until just before the Korean War. When that happened, McConnell made up for lost time. He became the first triple-jet ace with a kill of 15 MIGs. That job done, Mac was returned stateside, squirmed so uncomfortably in his desk job that Major James Whitmore offered him a jet test-pilot spot. One day, on a routine test in a plane that didn't have routine controls, McConnell crashed, leaving behind the memory of a fabulous career and a vacancy that the Air Force will find mighty hard to fill. Technicolor. (Warners.)

The Man Who Loved Redheads

LOVE came to Viscount John Justin early in life, on his fourteenth birthday, as a matter of fact. She was a lovely redheaded temptress called Sylvia, Moira Shearer. Justin met her in a linen closet during a reckless game of hide-and-seek. As far as he was concerned, the game never ended. Though he never saw Sylvia again, and married another girl, Justin spent most of his adult life looking for his first love. A staid member of the British diplomatic corps, he assumed a raffish pseudo-career and another name to go with the love-nest he rented from chum Roland Culver. And what a parade of redheads Justin entertained! In his eyes, they all looked like Sylvia. They didn't really, but that's not important. What is important is that this is a hilarious Technicolored account of a man's philandering and his wife's wisdom. (United Artists.)

The Naked Dawn

LIFE south of the border might be a tourist's Technicolor dream, but to large portion of the native population, it's a mean, monotonous grind. Therefore when train robber Arthur Kennedy wanders onto the small farm owned by Mexican Eugene Iglesias, he brings a touch of the outside world which neither Iglesias nor his young wife, Betta St. John, are able to cope with. Iglesias envies Kennedy's money, and is willing to kill for it despite the friendship that has sprung up between the two men. Betta starts dreaming of a life in which gaiety and laughter take the place of drudgery. Both these simple-minded people wear their new desires with such discomfort that Kennedy restores them to their former unworldliness. (Universal-International.)

The Last Command

IN THE days when Texas was struggling for her independence from General Santa Ana and his Mexican Government, bravery was a rather common word. There was James Bowie (Sterling Hayden), who at one time was an aide to Santa Ana (J. Carroll Naish), but because freedom was more precious to him than personal safety, he joined the Texans. Bowie helped organize the stand against Santa Ana's overwhelming forces at the Alamo. With only a handful of men, about 190, including Davy Crockett (Arthur Hunnicutt), Bowie never expected to win. Time to stop the Mexicans from marching through all of Texas was all he hoped for. He won the time. Though every man was killed, the battle at the Alamo was recorded in American history as the turning point in Texas' freedom. (Republic.) **END**



THE SKY and wife June Allyson share Capt. Alan Ladd's affection in "The McConnell Story."

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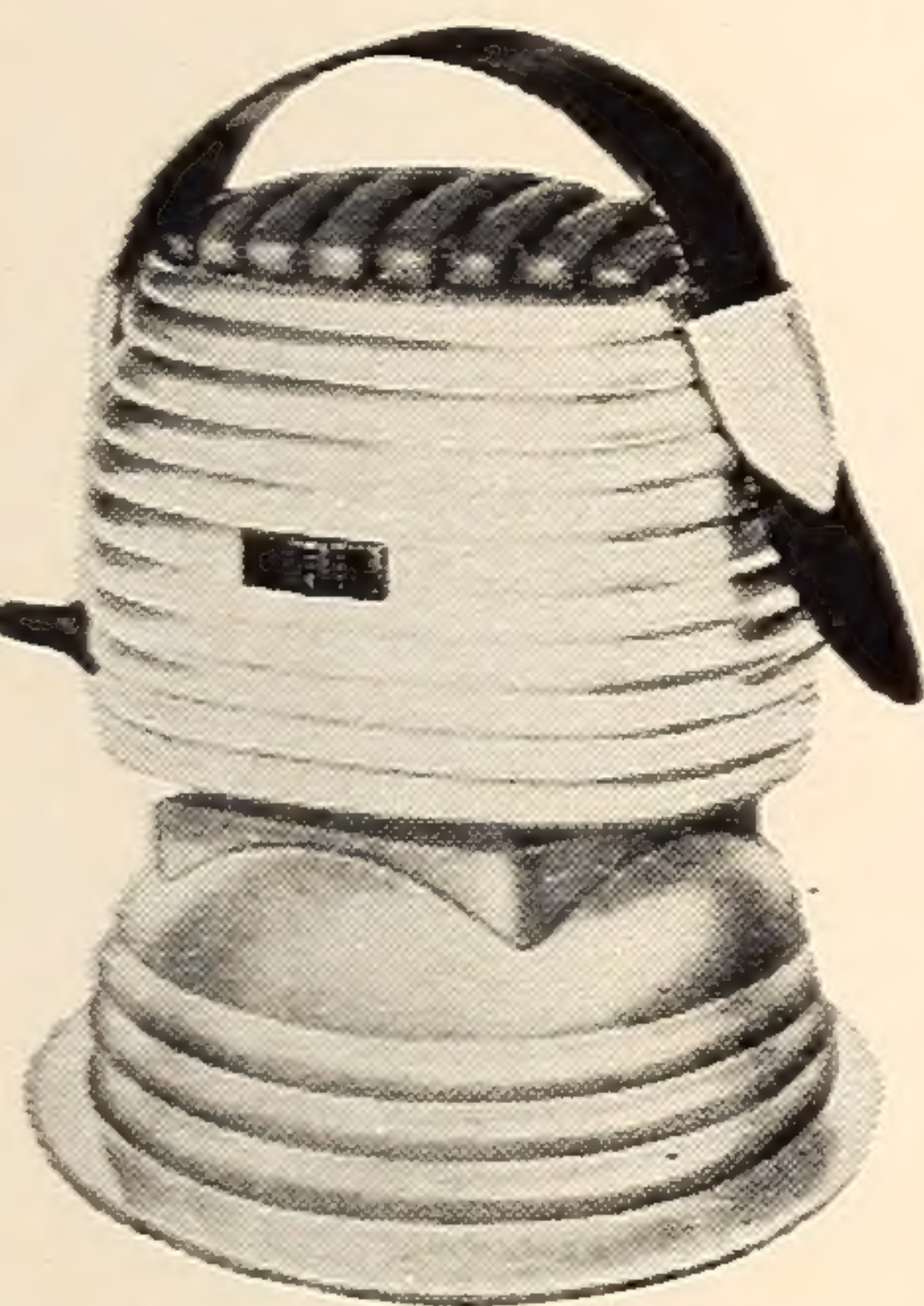


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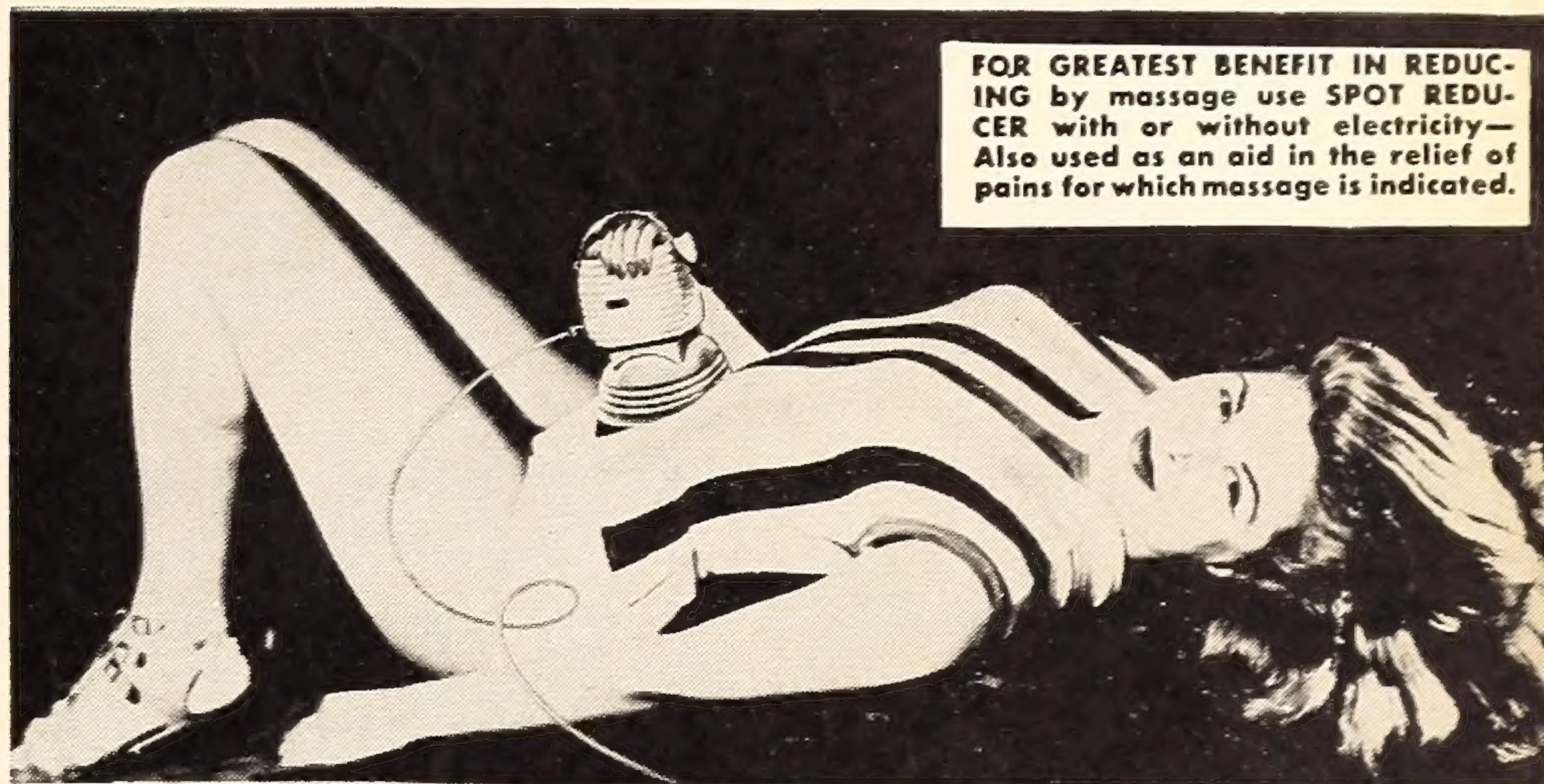
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